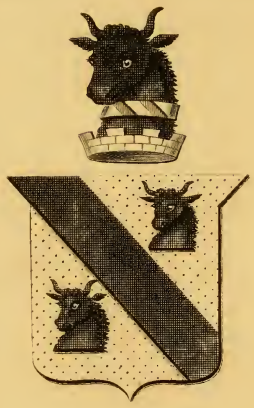

William Holgate.

Haughton

Very Scarce. Fine copy.

B.

See C 3 recto. "His heart was not confederat with his tongue". from Rich. II. A.V. Sc. 3. "My heart was not confederate with my hand."
F recto, "Nights candles burn obscure" see Rom. and Jul. A. III. Sc. 5.
H 2 verso, "Last, yet as great in love," See Julius Cæsar, Act III, Sc. 1., but "the same expression is found in Plays before Shakspeare's time." Malone.

ENGLISH-MEN
For my Money:
OR,
A pleasant Comedy,
called,
A Woman will haue her Will.

Imprinted at London by W. White,
dwelling in Cow-lane, 1616.

C 60 72

The Actors names.

Pisaro, a Portingale.

157.637
May 1873

Laurentia,
Marina, } *Pisaros* Daughters.
Mathea,

Anthony, a Schoolemaister to them.

Haruie,
Ferdinand, or *Heigham*, } Suters to *Pisaros* Daughters.
Ned, or *Walgraue*,

Delion, a Frenchman,
Aluaro, an Italian, } Suters also to the 3. daughters.
Vandalle, a Dutchman,

Frisco a Clowne, *Pisaros* man.

M. Moore.

Towerson a Marchant.

Balsaro.

Browne a Clothier

A Post.

A Belman.

Enter PISARO.

Piſaro.

HOw ſmugge this gray-eyde Morning ſeemes to bee,
A pleaſant ſight; but yet more pleaſure haue I
To thinke vpon this moyſtning Southweſt Winde,
That driues my laden Shippes from fertile *Spaine*:
But come what will, no Winde can come amiſſe,
For two and thirty Windes that rules the Seas,
And blowes about this ayerie Region;
Thirtie two Shippes haue I to equall them:
Whoſe wealthy fraughts doe make *Piſaro* rich:
Thus euery Soyle to mee is naturall:
Indeed by birth, I am a *Portingale*,
Who driuen by Weſterne winds on *Engliſh* ſhore,
Heere liking of the ſoyle, I maried,
And haue Three Daughters: But impartiall Death
Long ſince, depriude mee of her deareſt life:
Since whoſe diſceaſe, in *London* I haue dwelt:
And by the ſweete loude trade of *Uſurie*,
Letting for Intereſt, and on Morgages,
Doe I waxe rich, though many Gentlemen
By my extortion comes to miſerie:
Amongſt the reſt, three *Engliſh* Gentlemen,
Haue pawnde to mee their Liuings and their Lands:
Each ſeuerall hoping, though their hopes are vaine,
By mariage of my Daughters, to poſſeſſe
Their Patrimonies and their Landes againe:
But Gold is ſweete, and they deceiue them-ſelues;
For though I guild my Temples with a ſmile,
It is but *Iudas*-like, to worke their endes.

But soft, What noyse of footing doe I heare?

Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathea, and Anthony.

Laur. Now Maister, what intend you to read to vs?
Anth. *Pisaro* your Father would haue me read morall *Philosophy.*
Mari. What's that?
Anth. First tell mee how you like it?
Math. First tell vs what it is.
Pisa. They be my Daughters and their Schoole-maister, *Pisaro*, not a word, but list their talke.
Anth. Gentlewomen, to paint *Philosophy*,
Is to present youth with so sowre a dish,
As their abhorring stomackes nill digestes.
When first my mother *Oxford* (*Englands* pride)
Fostred mee puple-like, with her rich store,
My study was to read *Philosophy:*
But since, my head-strong youths vnbridled will,
Scorning the leaden fetters of restraint,
Hath prunde my feahers to a higher pitch.
Gentlewomen, Morall *Philosophy* is a kind of art,
The most contrary to your tender sexes;
It teacheth to be graue: and on that brow,
Where Beawtie in her rarest glory shines,
Plants the sad semblance of decayed age:
Those Weedes that with their riches should adorne,
And grace faire Natures curious workmanship,
Must be conuerted to a blacke fac'd vayle,
Griefes liuerie, and Sorrowes semblance:
Your food must be your hearts aboundant sighes,
Steep'd in the brinish licquor of your teares:
Day-light as darke-night, darke-night spent in prayer:
Thoughts your companions, and repentant mindes,
The recreation of your tired spirits:
Gentlewomen, if you can like this modestie,
Then will I read to you *Philosophy.*

Laur

Laur. Not I.
Mari. Fie vpon it.
Math. Hang vp *Philosophy*, Ile none of it.
Pisar. A Tutor said I; a Tutor for the Diuell.
Anth. No Gentlewomen, *Anthony* hath learn'd
To read a Lector of more pleasing worth.
Marina, read these lines, young *Harnie* sent them,
There euery line repugnes *Philosophy*:
Then loue him, for he hates the thing thou hates.
Laurentia, this is thine from *Ferdinande*:
Thinke euery golden circle that thou see'st,
The rich vnualued circle of his worthe.
Mathea, with these Gloues thy *Ned* salutes thee;
As often as these, hide these from the Sunne,
And Wanton steales a kisse from thy faire hand,
Presents his seruiceable true harts zeale,
Which waites vpon the censure of thy doome:
What though their Lands be morgag'd to your Father;
Yet may your Dowries redeeme that debt:
Thinke they are Gentlemen, and thinke they loue;
And be that thought, their true loues aduocate.
Say you should wed for Wealth; for to that scope
Your Fathers greedy disposition tendes,
The world would say, that you were had for Wealth,
And so faire Beawties honour quite distinct:
A masse of Wealth being powrde vpon another,
Little augments the shew, although the summe;
But beeing lightly scattred by it selfe,
It doubles what it seem'd, although but one:
Euen so your selues, for wedded to the Rich,
His stile was as it was, a Rich man still:
But wedding these, to wed true Loue, is dutie:
You make them rich in Wealth, but more in Beawtie:
I need not plead that smile, that smile shewes hearts con-
That kisse shew'd loue, that on that gift was lent: (sent;
And last thine Eyes, that teares of true ioy sendes,

As comfortable tidings for my friends. (procure,
Mari. Haue done, haue done; what need'ſt thou more
When long ere this I ſtoop'd to that faire lure:
Thy euer louing *Haruie* I delight it:
Marina euer louing ſhall requite it young.
Teach vs *Philoſophy*? Ile be no *Nunne*;
Age ſcornes Delight, I loue it being:
There's not a word of this, not a words part,
But ſhall be ſtamp'd, ſeal'd, printed on my heart;
On this Ile read, on this my ſenſes ply:
All Arts being vaine, but this *Philoſophy*.
Laur. Why was I made a Mayde, but for a Man?
And why *Laurentia*, but for *Ferdinand*?
The chaſteſt Soule theſe Angels could intice?
Much more himſelfe, an Angell of more price:
were't thy ſelfe preſent, as my heart could wiſh,
Such vſage thou ſhouldſt haue, as I giue this.
Anth. Then you would kiſſe him?
Laur. If I did, how then?
Anth. Nay I ſay nothing to it, but *Amen*.
Piſa. The Clarke muſt haue his fees, Ile pay you them.
Math. Good God, how abiect is this ſingle life,
Ile not abide it; Father, Friends, nor Kin,
Shall once diſſwade me from affecting:
A man's a man; and *Ned* is more then one:
Yfayth Ile haue thee *Ned*, or Ile haue none;
Doe what they can, chafe, chide, or ſtorme their fill,
Mathea is reſolu'd to haue her will.
Piſa. I can no longer hold my patience.
Impudent villanie, and laciuious Girles,
I haue ore-heard your vild conuerſions:
You ſcorne *Philoſophy*: You'le be no *Nunne*,
You muſt needes kiſſe the Purſſe, becauſe he ſent it.
And you forſooth, you flurgill, minion,
A brat ſcant folded in the dozens at moſt,
Youle haue your will forſooth; What will you haue?

Math.

Math. But twelue yeare old? nay Father that's not so,
Our Sexton told mee I was three yeares mo.

Pisa. I say but twelue: you'r best tell mee I lye.
What sirra *Anthony.* *Anth.* Heere sir.

Pisa. Come here sir, & you light huswiues get you in:
Stare not vpon me, moue me not to ire: *Exeunt sisters.*
Nay sirra stay you here, Ile talke with you:
Did I retaine thee (villaine) in my house,
Gaue thee a stipend twenty Markes by yeare,
And hast thou thus infected my three Girles,
Vrging the loue of those, I most abhord;
Vnthrifts, Beggers; what is worse,
And all because they are your Country-men?

Anth. Why sir, I taught them not to keepe a Marchants Booke, or cast accompt: yet to a word much like that word Accounte.

Pisa. A Knaue past grace, is past recouerie.
Why sirra *Frisco*, Villaine, Loggerhead, where art thou?

Enter Frisco, the Clowne.

Fris. Heere's a calling indeed; a man were better to liue a Lords life and doe nothing, then a Seruing creature, and neuer be idle. Oh Maister, what a messe of Brewesse standes now vpon the poynt of spoyling by your hastinesse; why they were able to haue got a good Stomacke with child euen with the sight of them; and for a Vapour, oh precious Vapour, let but a Wench come neere them with a Painted face, and you should see the Paint drop and curdle on her Cheekes, like a peece of dry Essex Cheese toasted at the fire.

Pisa. Well sirra, leaue this thought, & minde my words,
Giue diligence, inquire about
For one that is expert in Languages,
A good Musitian, and a *French-man* borne;
And bring him hither to instruct my Daughters,
Ile nere trust more a smooth-fac'd *English-man.*

Fris. What, must I bring one that can speake Langua-

ges,

ges? what an old Asse is my Maister; why he may speake *flaunte taunte* as well as *French*, for I cannot vnderstand him.

Pisa. If he speake *French*, thus he will say, *Awee awee*: What, canst thou remember it?

Frisc. Oh, I haue it now, for I remember my great Grandfathers Grandmothers sisters coosen told mee, that Pigges and *French-men*, speake one Language, *awee awee*; I am Dogg at this: But what must he speake else?

Pisa. Dutch. *Frisc.* Let's heare it?

Pisa. Haunce butterkin slowpin.

Frisc. Oh this is nothing, for I can speake perfect *Dutch* when I list.

Pisa. Can you, I pray let's heare some?

Frisc. Nay I must haue my mouth full of Meate first, and then you shall heare me grumble it foorth full mouth, as *Haunce Butterkin slowpin frokin*: No, I am a simple *Dutch-man*: Well, Ile about it.

Pisa. Stay sirra, you are too hastie; for hee must speake one Language more.

Frisc. More Languages? I trust he shall haue Tongues enough for one mouth: But what is the third?

Pisa. Italian.

Frisc. Why that is the easiest of all, for I can tell whether he haue any *Italian* in him euen by looking on him.

Pisa. Can you so, as how?

Frisc. Marry by these three poynts; a Wanton Eye, Pride in his Apparell, and the Diuell in his Countenance. Well, God keepe me from the Diuel in seeking this *French-man*: But doe you heare mee Maister, what shall my fellow *Anthony* doe, it seemes he shall serue for nothing but to put *Lattin* into my young Mistresses. *Exit Frisco.*

Pisa. Hence asse, hence loggerhead, begon I say.
And now to you that reades *Philosophy*,
Packe from my house, I doe discharge thy seruice,
And come not neere my dores; for if thou dost,
Ile make thee a publike example to the world.

Hathe.

Antho. Well crafty Fox, you that worke by wit,
It may be, I may liue to fit you yet. *Exit Antho.*
Pisa. Ah sirra, this tricke was spide in time,
For if but two such Lectures more they'd heard,
For euer had their honest names been marde:
Ile in and rate them: yet that's not best,
The Girles are wilfull, and seueritie
May make them careless, mad, or desperate.
What shall I doe? Oh! I haue found it now,
There are three wealthy Marchants in the Towne,
All Strangers, and my very speciall friendes,
The one of them is an *Italian*:
A *French-man*, and a *Dutch-man*, be the other:
These three intyrely doe affect my Daughters,
And therefore meane I, they shall haue the tongues,
That they may answere in their seuerall Language:
But what helpes that? they must not stay so long,
For whiles they are a learning Languages,
My English Youths, both wed, and bed them too:
Which to preuent, Ile seeke the Strangers out,
Let's looke: tis past aleauen, Exchange time full,
There shall I meete them, and conferre with them,
This worke craues hast, my Daughters must be Wedde,
For one Months stay, sayth farrewell Mayden head.
Exit.

Enter Haruie, Heigham, and Walgraue.

Heigh. Come Gentlemen, w'are almost at the house,
I promise you this walke ore Tower-hill,
Of all the places London can afforde,
Hath sweetest Ayre, and fitting our desires.
Haru. Good reason, so it leades to Croched-Fryers
Where old *Pisaro*, and his Daughters dwell,
Looke to your feete, the broad way leades to Hell:
They say Hell standes below, downe in the deepe,

Ile downe that Hill, where such good Wenches keepe,
But sirra *Ned*, what sayes *Mathea* to thee?
Wilt fadge? wilt fadge? What, will it be a match?
Walg. A match say you? a mischiefe twill as soone:
Should I can scarce begin to speake to her,
But I am interrupted by her father.
Ha, what say you? and then put ore his snoute,
Able to shaddow *Powles*, it is so great.
Well, tis no matter, sirrs, this is his House,
Knocke for the Churle bid him bring out his Daughter;
Ile, sbloud I will, though I be hanged for it,
Heigh. Hoyda, hoyda, nothing with you but vp & ride,
Youle be within, ere you can reach the Dore,
And haue the Wench, before you compasse her:
You are too hastie, *Pisaro* is a man,
Not to be fedde with Words, but wonne with Gold.
But who comes heere?

Enter Anthony.

Walg. Whom, *Anthony* our friend?
Say man, how fares our Loues? How doth *Mathea*?
Can she loue *Ned*? how doth she like my sute?
Will old *Pisaro* take me for his Sonne;
For I thanke God, he kindly takes our Landes,
Swearing, Good Gentlemen you shall not want,
Whilst old *Pisaro*, and his credite holds:
He will be damn'd the Roage, before he do't?
Haru. Prethy talke milder: let but thee alone,
And thou in one bare hower will aske him more,
Then heele remember in a hundred yeares:
Come from him *Anthony*, and say what newes?
Antho. The newes for me is badd; and this it is:
Pisaro hath discharg'd me of his seruice.
Heigh. Discharg'd thee of his seruice; for what cause?
Anth. Nothing, but that his Daughters learne *Philosophy*.
Haru. Maydes should reade, that it teacheth modestie.

Antho.

Antho. I, but I left out mediocritie,
And with effectuall reasons, vrgd your loues.
Walg. The fault was small, we three will to thy Maister
And begge thy pardon.
Antho. Oh, that cannot be,
Hee hates you farre worser, then he hates me;
For all the loue he shewes, is for your Lands,
Which he hopes sure will fall into his hands:
Yet Gentlemen, this comfort take of me,
His Daughters to your loues affected be:
Their father is abroad, they three at home,
Goe chearely in, and cease that is your owne:
And for my selfe, but grace what I intend,
Ile ouerreach the Churle, and helpe my Frend.
Heigh. Build on our helpes, and but deuise the meanes.
Antho. *Pisaro* did commaund *Frisco* his man,
(A simple sotte, kept onely but for myrth)
To inquire about in *London* for a man,
That were a *French-man* and Musitian,
To be (as I suppose) his Daughters Tutor:
Him if you meete, as like enough you shall,
He will inquire of you of his affayres;
Then make him answere, you three came from *Paules*,
And in the middle walke, one you espide,
Fit for his purpose; then discribe this Cloake,
This Beard and Hatte: for in this borrowed shape,
Must I beguile and ouer-reach the Foole:
The Maydes must be acquainted with this drift.
The Doore doth ope, I dare not stay reply,
Least beeing discride: Gentlemen adue,
And helpe him now, that oft hath helped you. *Exit.*

Enter Frisco the Clowne.

Wal. How now sirra, whither are you going?
Fris. Whither am I going, how shall I tell you; when I doe not know my selfe, nor vnderstand my selfe?

Heigh. What doſt thou meane by that?

Friſc. Marry ſir, I am ſeeking a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, a Monſter in the likneſſe of a Man: one that in ſtead of good morrow, asketh what Porrage you haue to Dinner, *Parley vous ſignior?* one that neuer waſhes his fingers, but lickes them cleane with kiſſes; a clipper of the Kings Engliſh: and to conclude, an eternall enemie to all good Language.

Haru. What's this? what's this?

Friſ. Doe not you ſmell me? Well, I perceiue that witte doth not always dwel in a Satten-dublet: why, tis a *French-man, Buſsimon cue*, how doe you?

Haru. I thanke you ſir, but tell me what wouldeſt thou doe with a *French-man:*

Friſ. Nay fayth, I would doe nothing with him, vnleſſe I ſet him to teach Parrets to ſpeake: marry the old Aſſe my Maiſter, would haue him to teach his Daughters, though I truſt the whole world ſees, that there be ſuch in his houſe that can ſerue his Daughters turne, as well as the proudeſt *French-man*: but if you be good laddes, tell me where I may finde ſuch a man?

Heigh. We will, goe hye thee ſtraight to *Paules*,
There ſhalt thou find one fitting thy deſire;
Thou ſoone mayſt know him, for his Beard is blacke,
Such is his rayment, if thou runn'ſt appace,
Thou canſt not miſſe him *Friſco*.

Friſ. Lord, Lord, how ſhall poore *Phriſco* reward your rich tydings Gentlemen: I am yours till Shrouetewesday, for then change I my Coppy, & looke like nothing but Red-Herring Cobbes, and Stock-Fiſh; yet Ile doe ſomewhat for you in the meane time: my Maiſter is abroad, and my young Miſtreſſes at home: if you can doe any good on them before the *French-man* come, why ſo? Ah Gentlemen, doe not ſuffer a litter of Languages to ſpring vp amongſt vs: I muſt to the Walke in *Paules*, you

to

to the Veſtrie. Gentlemen, as to my ſelfe, and ſo foorth.

Exit Friſco,

Haru. Fooles tell the truth men ſay, and ſo may he:
Wenches we come now, Loue our conduct be.
Ned, knocke at the doore: but ſoft forbeare;

Enter Lawrentia, Marina, and Mathea.

The Cloude breakes vp, and our three Sunnes appeare.
To this I fly, ſhine bright my liues ſole ſtay,
And make griefes night a glorious ſummers day.

Mari. Gentlemen, how welcome you are here,
Gueſſe by our lookes, for other meanes by feare
Preuented is: our fathers quicke returne
Forbidds the welcome, elſe we would haue done.

Walg. Mathea, How theſe fay thfull thoughts obey,

Mat. No more ſweet loue, I know what thou would'ſt (ſay:
You ſay you loue me, ſo I wiſh you ſtill,
Loue hath loues hier, being ballanc't with good will:
But ſay; come you to vs, or come you rather
To pawne more Lands for mony to our father?
I know tis ſo, a Gods name ſpend at large:
What man? our mariage day will all diſcharge;
Our father (by his leaue) muſt pardon vs,
Age ſaue of age, of nothing can diſcuſſe:
But in our loues, the prouerbe weele fulfill:
Women and Maydes, muſt alwayes haue their will.

Heigh. Say thou as much, and adde life to this Coarſe,

Law. Your ſelfe & your good news doth more enforce:
How theſe haue ſet forth loue by all their witte,
I ſweare in heart, I more then double it.
Siſters be glad, for he hath made it playne,
The meanes to get our Schoole-maiſter againe:
But Gentlemen, for this time ceaſe our loues,
This open ſtreete perhaps ſuſpition moues,
Fayne we would ſtay, bid you walke in more rather,

But that we feare the comming of our father:
Goe to th'Exchange, craue Gold as you intend,
Pisaro scrapes for vs; for vs you spend:
We say farewell, more sadlier be bold,
Then would my greedy father to his Gold:
Wee here, you there, aske Gold; and Gold you shall:
Weele pay the intrest, and the principall. *Exeunt Sisters*

Walg. That's my good Girles, and Ile pay you for all.

Haru. Come to th'Exchange, and when I feele decay,
Send me such Wenches, Heauens I still shall pray. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pisaro, Delion the Frenchman, Vandalle the Dutchman, Aluaro the Italian, and other Marchants, at seuerall doores.

Pisa. Good morrow, M. Strangers.

Strang. Good morrow sir.

Pisaro. This (louing friends) hath thus emboldned me,
For knowing the affection and the loue
Maister *Vandalle*, that you beare my Daughter:
Likwise, and that with ioy considering too,
you *Mounsier Delion*, would faine dispatch:
I promise you, mee thinkes the time did fit,
And does bir-Lady too, in mine aduice,
This day to clap a full conclusion vp:
And therefore made I bold to call on you,
Meaning (our businesse done here at the *Burse*)
That you at mine intreaty should walke home,
And take in worth such Viands as I haue:
And then we would, and so I hope we shall,
Loosely tye vp the knot that you desire,
But for a day or two; and then Church rites
Shall sure conforme, confirme, and make all fast.

Vand. Seker Mester *Pisaro*, mee do so groterly dancke you, dat you macke mee so sure of de Wench, datt ic cannot dancke you genough.

Delio. Monsieur *Pisaro*, mon pere, mon Vadere, Oh de grande

grande ioye you giue me (econte) mee ſal go home to your Houſe, ſal eat your Bakon, ſal eat your Beeſe, and ſhal tacke de Wench, de fine Damoyſella.

Piſa. You ſhall, and welcome; welcome as my ſoule:
But were my third Sonne ſweete *Aluaro* heere,
Wee would not ſtay at the Exchange to day,
But hye vs home and there end our affayres.

Enter Moore, and Towerſon.

Moore. Good day maiſter *Piſaro*.

Piſa. Maiſter *Moore*, marry with all my heart good morrow ſir; What newes? What newes?

Moore. This Marchant heere my friend, would ſpeake with you.

Tower. Sir, this iolly South-weſt wind with gentle blaſt,
Hath driuen home our long expected Shippes,
All laden with the wealth of ample *Spaine*,
And but a day is paſt ſince they ariude
Safely at *Plimmouth*, where they yet abide.

Piſa. Thankes is too ſmall a guerdon for ſuch newes.
How like you this Newes friends? Maiſter *Vandalle*,
Heer's ſomewhat towards for my Daughters Dowrie:
Heer's ſomewhat more then we did yet expect.

Tower. But heare you ſir, my buſineſſe is not done;
From theſe ſame Shippes I did receiue theſe lines,
And there incloſde this ſame Bill of exchange,
To pay at ſight; if ſo you pleaſe accept it.

Piſa. Accept it, why? What ſir ſhould I accept,
Haue you receiued Letters, and not I?
Where is this lazie villaine, this ſlow Poaſt;
What, brings he euery man his Letters home,
And makes mee no bodie; does hee, does hee?
I would not haue you bring me counterfeit;
And if you doe, aſſure you I ſhall ſmell it:
I know my Factors writing well enough.

Tower. You doe ſir; then ſee your Factors writing:

I scorne as much as you, to counterfeite,
Pisa. Tis well you doe sir.

Enter Haruie, Walgraue, and *Heighun.*

What Maister *Walgraue,* and my other frindes:
You are growne strangers to *Pisaros* house,
I pray make bold with me.
Walsg. I, with your Daughters.
You may be sworne, weele be as bold as may be.
Pisa. Would you haue ought with me, I pray now speak.
Heigh. Sir, I thinke you vnderstand our sute,
By the repayring we haue had to you:
Gentlemen you know, must want no Coyne,
Nor are they slaues vnto it, when they haue:
You may perceiue our minds; What say you to't?
Pisa. Gentlemen all, I loue you all:
Which more to manifest, this after noone
Betweene the howers of two and three repaire to mee;
And were it halfe the substance that I haue,
Whilst it is mine, tis yours to commaunde.
But Gentlemen, as I haue regard to you,
So doe I wish you'll haue respect to mee:
You know that all of vs are mortall men,
Subiect to change and mutabilitie;
You may, or I may, soone pitch ore the Pearch,
Or so, or so, haue contrary crosses:
Wherefore I deeme but meere equitie,
That some thing may betwixt vs be to shew.
Heigh. M. *Pisaro,* within this two months without faile,
We will repay.

Enter Browne.

Browne. God saue you Gentlemen.
Gentlemen. Good morrow sir.
Pisa. What M. *Browne,* the onely man I wisht for,
Does your price fall? what shall I haue these Cloathes?

For

For I would ſhip them ſtraight away for *Stoade*:
I doe wiſh you my Mony fore another.

Brow. Fayth you know my price ſir, if you haue them.

Piſa. You are to deare in ſadneſſe, maiſter *Heigham*:
You were about to ſay ſomewhat, pray proceede.

Heigh. Then this it was: thoſe Landes that are not morgag'd

Enter Poſt.

Poſt. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Piſaro. I muſt craue pardon; Oh ſirra, are you come?

Walg. Hoyda, hoyda; Whats the matter now;
Sure, yonder fellow will be torne in peeces. (about:

Haru. Whats hee, ſweete youths; that ſo they flocke,
What old *Piſaro* tainted with this madneſſe?

Heigh. Vpon my life, tis ſome body bringes newes;
The Courte breakes vp, and wee ſhall know their Coun-
Looke, looke, how buſely they fall to reading. (ſell:

Piſa. I am the laſt, you ſhould haue kept it ſtill:
Well, we ſhall ſee what newes you bring with you;
Our duty premiſed, and we haue ſent vnto your worſhip
Sacke, ſiuill Oyles, Pepper, Barbery ſugar, and ſuch other commodities as we thought moſt requiſite, we wanted mony therefore we are fayne to take vp 200. l. of Maiſter *Towerſons* man, which by a bill of Exchange ſent to him, we would requeſt your worſhip pay accordingly.
You ſhall commaund ſir, you ſhall commaunde ſir,
The newes here is, that the Engliſh ſhipes, the Fortune, your ſhipe, the aduenture and good lucke of London coaſting along by *Italy* Towards *Turky*, were ſet vpon by to *Spaniſh-galleis*, what became of them we know not, but doubt much by reaſon of the weathers calmneſſe.

Piſa How iſt fix to one the weather calme,
Now afore God who would not doubt their ſafety,
A plague vpon theſe *Spaniſh-galli* Pirattes,

Roaring *Caribdis*, or deuowring *Scilla*,
Were halfe such terrour to the anticke world,
As these same anticke Villaines now of late,
Haue made the *Straights* twixt *Spaine* and *Barbary*.
Tower. Now sir, what doth your Factors letters say?
Pisa. Marrie he saith, these witlesse luckleſse doults,
Haue met, and are beset with *Spanish* Gallies,
As they did saile along by *Italy*:
What a bots made the dolts neere *Italy*,
Could they not keepe the coast of *Barbary*,
Or hauing past it, gone for *Tripoly*,
Being on the other side of *Sicily*,
As neere, as where they were vnto the *Straights*:
For by the Gloabe, both *Tripoly* and it,
Lie from the *Straights* some twentie fiue degrees;
And each degree makes three-score english miles?
Tower. Very true sir: But it makes nothing to my Bill of exchange: this dealing fits not one of your account.
Pisa. And what fits yours? a prating wrangling toung,
A womans ceaseleſse and inceſſant babling,
That sees the world turnd topsie turuie with me;
Yet hath not so much witte to stay a while,
Till I bemone my late exceſsiue loſſe.
Walg. S'wounds tis dinner time, Ile stay no longer:
Harke you a word sir.
Pisa. I tell you sir, it would haue made you whine
Worse then if shooles of luckleſse croking Rauens,
Had ceasd on you to feed their famisht paunches:
Had you heard newes of such a rauenous rout,
Ready to cease on halfe the wealth you haue.
Wal. Sbloud you might haue kept at home & be hangd,
What a pox care I. *Enter a Post*.
Post. God saue your worshipp, a little mony and so forth.
Pisa. But men are senceleſse now of others woe,
This stony age is growne so stony harted,
That none reſpects their neighbours miſeries,

I wiſh (as Poets doe) that Saturnes times
The long out worne world weare in vſe againe,
That men might ſayle without impediment.

Poſt. I marry ſir that were a merry world indeede, I would hope to gette more mony of your worſhip in one quarter of a yeare, then I can doe now in a whole twelue-moneth. *Enter Balſaro.*

Balſa. Maiſter *Piſaro* how I haue runne about,
How I haue toyld to day to finde you out,
At home, abroade, at this mans houſe, at that,
Why I was here an hower agoe and more,
Where I was tould you were, but could not finde you.

Piſa. Fayth ſir I was here but was driuen home,
Heres ſuch a common hant of Crack-rope boyes,
That what for feare to haue m'apparell ſpoyld,
Or my Ruffes durted, or Eyes ſtrucke out:
I dare not walke where people doe expect mee:
Well, things (I thinke) might be better lookt vnto,
And ſuch Coyne to, which is beſtowde on Knaues,
Which ſhould, but doe not ſee things be reformd,
Might be imployde to many better vſes:
But what of beardleſſe Boyes, or ſuch like traſh;
The *Spaniſh* Gallies: Oh, a vengeance on them.

Poſt. Maſſe, this man hath the lucke on't, I thinke I can ſcarce euer come to him for money, but this a vengeance on, and that a vengeance on't, doth ſo trouble him, that I can get no Coyne: Well, a vengeance on't for my part; for he ſhall fetch the next Letters him ſelfe.

Browne. I prethee, when thinkſt thou the Ships will be come about from *Plimmouth?* *Poſt.* Next weeke, ſir.

Heigh. Came you ſir from *Spaine* lately?

Poſt. I ſir; Why aske you that?

Ha. Marry ſir, thou ſeemes to haue bin in the hot countries, thy face looks ſo like a peece of ruſty Bacon: had thy Hoſt at *Plimmoth* meat enough in the houſe, whē thou wert there?

Poſt. What though he had not ſir? but he had, how then?

Haru. Marry thanke God for it; for otherwiſe, he would doubtles haue Cut thee out in Raſhers to haue eaten thee; thou look'ſt as thou weart through broyld already.

Poſt. You haue ſayd ſir; but I am no meate for his moing, nor yours neither: If I had you in place where, you ſhould find me tough enough in diſgeſtion, I warrant you.

Walgr. What will you ſwagger ſirra, will yee ſwagger?

Brow. I beſeech you Sir, hold your hand; Gette home yee patch, cannot you ſuffer Gentlemen Ieſt with you?

Poſt. Ide teach him a Gentle tricke and I had him of the burſe; but Ile watch him a good turne I warrant him.

Moor. Aſſure yee maiſter *Towerſon*, I cannot blame him,
I warrant you it is no eaſie loſſe;
How thinke you maiſter *Stranger*? by my fayth ſir,
Ther's twentie Marchants will be ſorry for it,
That ſhall be partners with him in his loſſe.

Stra. Why ſir, whats the matter.

Moor. The Spaniſh-gallies haue beſette our ſhippes,
That lately were bound out for *Siria*.

March. What not? I promiſe you I am ſorry for it.

Walg. What an old Aſſe is this to keepe vs here:
Maiſter *Piſaro*, pray diſpatch vs hence.

Piſa. Maiſter *Vandalle* I confeſſe I wronge you;
But Ile but talke a word or two with him, and ſtraight turne to you.
Ah ſir, and how then yfayth?

Heigh. Turne to vs, turne to the Gallowes if you will,

Haru. Tis Midſomer-Moone with him: let him alone,
He call's *Ned Walgraue*, Maiſter *Vandalle*. (*Piſaro.*

Walg. Let it be ſhrouetide, Ile not ſtay an ynche maiſter

Piſa. What ſhould you feare: ende as I haue vow'd before,
So now againe; my Daughters ſhalbe yours:
And therefore I beſeech you and your friendes,
Deferre your buſineſſe till Dinner time;
And what youd ſay, keepe it for table talke.

Haru.

Harn. Marrie and ſhall; a right good motion:
Sirrs, old *Piſaro* is growne kind of late,
And in pure loue, hath bid vs home to dinner.
Heigh. Good newes in truth: But wherfore art thou ſad?
Walg. For feare the ſlaue ere it be dinner time,
Remembring what he did, recall his word:
For by his idle ſpeaches, you may ſweare,
His heart was not confederat with his tongue.
Harn. Tut neuer doubt, keepe ſtomacks till anone,
And then we ſhall haue cates to feede vpon.
Piſa. Well ſir, ſince things doe fall ſo croſely out,
I muſt diſpoſe my ſelfe to patience:
But for your buſineſſe, doe you aſſure your ſelfe,
At my repayring home from the Exchange,
Ile ſet a helping hand vnto the ſame.

Enter Aluaro the Italian.

Alua. *Bon iurno ſigneour Padre*, why be de malancollie ſo much, and graue in you a: wat Newes make you looke ſo naught?
Piſa. Naught is too good an epithite by much,
For to diſtinguiſh ſuch contrariouſneſſe:
Hath not ſwift Fame told you our ſlow ſailde Shippes
Haue been ore-taken by the ſwift ſaile Gallies,
And all my cared-for goods within the lurch
Of that ſame Catterpiller brood of *Spaine*.
Alua. Signor ſi, how de Spaniola haue almoſt tacke de Ship dat go for Turkie: my Pader, harke you me on word, I haue receiue vn lettre from my Factor de *Venniſe*, dat after vn piculo battalion, for vn halfe howre de come a Winde fra de North, & de Sea go tumble here, & tumble dare, dat make de Gallies run away for feare be almoſt drownde.
Piſa. How ſir; did the Winde riſe at North, and Seas waxe rough: and were the Gallies therefore glad to fly?
Alu. Signior ſi, & de Ship go drite on de Iſcola de *Candy*.

Piſa. Wert thou not my *Aluaro* my beloued,
One whom I know does dearely count of mee,
Much ſhould I doubt me that ſome ſcoffing lacke,
Had ſent thee in the middeſt of all my griefes,
To tell a feigned tale of happy lucke.

Alua. Wil you no beleeue me? ſee dare dan, ſee de lettre.

Piſa. What is this world? or what this ſtate of man,
How in a moment curſt, in a trice bleſt?
But euen now my happie ſtate gan fade,
And now againe, my ſtate is happie made,
My Goods all ſafe, my Ships all ſcapt away,
And none to bring me newes of ſuch good lucke,
But whom the Heauens haue markt to be my Sonne:
Were I a Lord as great as *Alexander*,
None ſhould more willingly be made mine Heyre
Then thee thou golden tongue, thou good-newes teller
Ioy ſtops my mouth. *The Exchange Bell rings.*

Balſa. M. *Piſaro*, the day is late, the Bell doth ring:
Wilt pleaſe you haſten to performe this buſineſſe?

Piſa. What buſineſſe ſir? Gods mee, I cry you mercie:
Doe it, yes ſir, you ſhall commaund me more.

Tower. But ſir, What doe you meane, doe you intend
To pay this Bill, or elſe to palter with mee?

Piſa. Marry God ſheild, that I ſhould palter with you:
I doe accept it, and come when you pleaſe;
You ſhall haue money, you ſhall haue your money due.

Poſt. I beſeech your worſhip to conſider mee.

Piſa. Oh, you cannot cegge: Goe to, take that,
Pray for my life: pray that I haue good lucke,
And thou ſhalt ſee, I will not be thy worſt maiſter.

Poſt. Marry God bleſſe your Worſhip; I came in happy time: What, a French crowne? ſure hee knowes not what he does: Well, Ile begon, leaſt he remember himſelfe, and take it from me againe. *Exit Poſt.*

Piſa Come on my lads, M. *Vandalle*, ſweet ſonne *Aluaro*:

Come

Come don *Balſaro*, lets be iogging home
Bir laken ſirs, I thinke tis one a clocke.

Exit Piſaro, Balſaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Brow. Come M. *Moore*, th'Exchange is waxen thin,
I thinke it beſt we get vs home to dinner.

Moor. I know that I am lookt for long ere this:
Come maiſter *Towerſon*, let's walke along.

Exit Moore, Browne, Towerſon, Strangers, & Marchant.

Heigh. And if you be ſo hot vpon your dinner,
Your beſt way is, to haſte *Piſaro* on,
For he is cold enough, and ſlow enough;
He hath ſo late digeſted ſuch cold newes.

Walg. Mary and ſhall: Heare you maiſter *Piſaro*.

Haru. Many *Piſaros* heere: Why how now *Ned*;
Where is your *Matt* your welcome, and good cheare?

Walg. Swounds, lets follow him; why ſtay we heere?

Heigh. Nay prethee *Ned Walg*, lets bethinke our ſelues,
There's no ſuch haſte, we may come time enough:
At firſt *Piſaro* bade vs come to him
Twixt two or three a clocke at after noone?
Then was he old *Piſaro*: but ſince then,
What with his griefe for loſſe, and ioy for finding,
Hee quite forgat himſelfe, when he did bid vs,
And afterward forgat, that he had bade vs.

Walg. I care not, I remember't well enough:
Hee bade vs home; and I will goe, that's flat,
To teach him better witte another time.

Haru. Heer'le be a gallantieſt, when we come there,
To ſee how maz'd the greedie chuffe will looke
Vpon the nations, ſects, and factions,
That now haue borne him company to dinner:
But harke you, lets not goe to vexe the man;
Prethee ſweet *Ned* lets tarry, doe not goe.

Walg. Not goe? indeed you may doe what you pleaſe;
Ile goe, that's flat: nay, I am gon alreadie,

Stay

Stay you two, and consider further of it.

Heigh. Nay all will goe, if one: I prethee stay;
Thou'rt such a rash and giddie headed youth,
Each Stone's a Thorne: Hoyda, he skips for haste;
Young *Haruie* did but iest; I know heele goe.

Walg. Nay, he may chuse for mee: But if he will,
Why does he not? why stands he prating still?
If youle goe, come: if not, fare-well?

Haru. Hier a Poast-horse for him (gentle *Francke*)
Heer's haste, and more haste then a hastie Pudding:
You mad-man, mad-cap, wild-oates; we are for you,
It bootes not stay, when you intend to goe.

Walg. Come away then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pisaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Pisa. A thousand welcomes friendes: Monsier *Delion*,
Ten thousand Ben-venues vnto your selfe,
Signior *Aluaro*, Maister *Vandalle*;
Proude am I, that my roofe containes such Friends.
Why *Mall*, *Lucentia*, *Matth*; Where be these Girles?

Enter the three Sisters.

Liuely my Girles, and bid these Strangers welcome;
They are my friends, your friends, and our wel-willers:
You cannot tell what good you may haue on them.
Gods mee, Why stirre you not? Harke in your eare,
These be the men the choyse of many millions,
That I your carefull Father haue prouided
To be your Husbands: therefore bid them welcome.

Math. Nay by my troth, tis not the guyse of maydes,
To giue a slauering Salute to men: *(aside,*
If these sweete youths haue not the witte to doe it,
Wee haue the honestie to let them stand.

Vanda. Gods sekerlin, dats vn-fra meskin, Monsieur *Delion* dare de Grote freister, dare wode ic zene, tis vn-fra Daughter, dare heb ic so long loude, dare Heb my desire so long geweest.

Aluaro

Alua. Ah *Venice, Roma, Italia, Fraancia, Anglitera*, nor all dis orbe can ſhew ſo much *belliza, veremante de ſecunda, Madona de granda bewtie.*

Delio. Certes me dincke de mine depeteta de little Angloiſe, de me Matreſſe *Piſaro* is vn nette, vn becues, vn fra, et vn tendra Damoſella.

Piſa. What Stocks, what ſtones, what ſenceles Truncks be theſe?
When as I bid you ſpeake, you hold your tongue:
When I bid peace, then can you prate, and chat,
And goſsip: But goe too, ſpeake and bid welcome;
Or (as I liue) you were as good you did.

Mari. I cannot tell what Language I ſhould ſpeake:
Yf I ſpeake *Engliſh* (as I can none other)
They cannot vnderſtand mee, nor my welcome.

Alua. Bella Madona, dare is no language ſo *dulce*; *dulce*, dat is ſweete, as de language, dat you ſhall ſpeake, and de vell come dat you ſal ſay, ſal be well know perfaytemente.

Mari. Pray ſir, What is all this in *Engliſh*?

Alua. De vſa ſal vell teaſh you vat dat is; and if you ſal pleaſe, I will teaſh you to parler *Italiano.*

Piſa. And that mee thinkes ſir, not without need:
And with *Italian*, to a Childes obedience,
With ſuch deſire to ſeeke to pleaſe their Parents,
As others farre more vertuous then them ſelues,
Doe dayly ſtriue to doe: But tis no matter,
Ile ſhortly pull your haughtie ſtomacks downe:
Ile teach you vrge your Father; make you runne,
When I bid runne: and ſpeake, when I bid ſpeake:
What greater croſſe can carefull parents haue (*knock within*
Then careleſſe Children. Stirre and ſee who knocks?

Enter Harnie, Walgraue, and Heigham.

Walgr. Good morrow to my good Miſtris *Mathea.*

Mathe. As good a morrow, to the morrow giuer.

Piſa. A murren, what make theſe? What do they heere?

Heigh. You ſee maiſter *Piſaro*, we are bold gueſtes,
You could haue bid no ſurer men then wee.

Piſa. Harke you Gentlemen; I did expect you
At after noone, not before two a clocke.

Hara, Why ſir, if you pleaſe, you ſhall haue vs heere at two a clocke, at three a clocke, at foure a clock; nay till to morrow this time: yet I aſſure you, ſir, wee came not to your houſe without inuiting.

Piſa. Why Gentlemen, I pray who bade you now?
Who euer did it, ſure hath done you wrong:
For ſcarcely could you come to worſer cheare.

Heigh. It was your owne ſelfe bade vs to your cheare,
When you were buſie with *Balſaro* talking;
You bade vs ceaſe our ſuites till dinner time,
And then to vſe it for our table talke:
And wee I warrant you, are as ſure as Steele.

Piſa. A murren on your ſelues, and ſurenes too:
How am I croſt: Gods mee, what ſhall I doe,
This was that ill newes of the *Spaniſh* Pirats,
That ſo diſturb'd mee: well, I muſt diſſemble,
And bid them welcome; but for my Daughters
Ile ſend them hence, they ſhall not ſtand and prate.
Well my Maiſters, Gentlemen, and Friends,
Though vnexpected, yet moſt heartily welcome;
(Welcome with a vengeance) but for your cheare,
That will be ſmall: yet too too much for you.
Mall, in and get things readie.
Laurentia, bid *Mandlin* lay the Cloth, take vp the Meate:
Looke how ſhe ſtirres; you ſullen Elfe, you Callet,
Is this the haſte you make? *Exeunt Marina & Laurentia.*

Alua. Signor *Piſaro,* ne ſoiat ſo malcontento de Gentlewoman your filigola did parler but a litella to, de gentle homay our graunde *amico.*

Piſa. But that graunde *amico,* is your graunde *inimico:*
One, if they be ſuffred to parlar,

Will

Will poll you, I and pill you of your Wife:
They loue togeather: and the other two,
Loues her two Sisters: but tis onely you
Shall crop the flower, that they esteeme so much.

Alua. Do dey so; vell let me lone, sal see me giue dem de such graund mocke, sal be shame of dem selues.

Pisa. Doe sir, I pray you doe; set lustily vpon them,
And Ile be ready still to second you.

Walg. But *Matt*, art thou so mad as to turne *French?*

Math. Yes marry, when two Sundayes come together;
Thinke you Ile learne to speake this gibberidge,
Or the Pigges language? Why, if I fall sicke,
They le say, the *French (et-cetera)* infected mee.

Pisa. Why how now Minion; what, is this your seruice?
Your other Sisters busie are imployde,
And you stande idle: get you in, or. *Exit Mathea.*

Walg. Yf you chide her, chide me (M. *Pisaro:*
For but for mee, she had gon in long since.

Pisa. I thinke she had: for we are sprights to scare her;
But er't be long, Ile driue that humor from her.

Alua. Signor, me thincks you soud no macke de wen she so hardee, so disobedient to de padre as ditt madona *Matt.*

Walg. Signor, me thinkes you should learne to speake, before you should be so foole-hardy, as to woe such a Mayden as that *Madona Matt?*

Delio. Warrent you Monsieur, he sal parle wen you sal stande out the doure.

Haru. Harke you Monsieur, you would wish your selfe halfe hang'd, you were as sure to be let in as hee.

Van. Macke no doubt de signor *Alua.* sal do vel enough

Heigh. perhaps so: but me thinks your best way were to ship your selfe for *Stoad*, and there to batter your selfe for a commodity; for I can tell you, you are here out of liking.

Pisa. The worst perhappes dislike him, but the best esteeme him best.

Haru. But by your patience sir, mee thinks none should know better who's Lord, then the Lady.

Alua. Den de Lady, vat Lady?

Haru. Marry sir, the Lady let her alone: one that meanes to let you alone for feare of trouble.

Pisa. Euery man as he may: yet sometimes the blinde may katch a Hare.

Heigh. I sir, but he will first eate many a Fly: You know it must be a wonder, if a Crab catch a Fowle.

Vand. Maer hort ens; if he & ic & monsier *Delion* be de Crab, we sal kash de Fowle wel genough, I warrent you.

Walg. I, and the Foole well enough I warrant you; And much good may it doe yee.

Alua. Mee dincke such a piculo man as you be, sal haue no de such grande lucke madere.

Delio. Non da Monsieur, and he be so granda amorous op de Damosella, he sal haue *Mawdlyn* de witt Wenshe in de Kichine by maiter *Pisaros* leaue.

Walg. By M. *Pisaros* leaue, *Monsieur* Ile mumble you, except you learne to know, whom you speake to: I tell thee *Francois*, Ile haue (maugre thy teeth) her that shall make thee gnash thy teeth to want.

Pisa. Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an Ace of his wish: But Gentlemen, euery man as his lucke serues, and so agree wee; I would not haue you fall out in my house: Come, come, all this was in iest, now lets too't in earnest; I meane with our teeth, and try who's the best Trencher-man. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frisco.

Frisc. Ah sirra, now I know, what manner of thing *Powles* is; I did so marle afore what it was out of all count: For my maister would say, Would I had *Powles* full of Gold. My young Mistresses, and *Grimkin* our Taylor, would wish they had *Powles* full of Needles: I, one askt my maister halfe a yard of Freeze to make me a Coate and hee

hee cride whoope holly-day, it was big enough to make *Powles* a Night-gowne. I haue been told, that Duke *Humfrie* dwelles here, and that he keeps open house, and that a braue sort of Cammileres dine with him euery day; now if I could see any vision in the world towards dinner, I would set in a foote: But the best is, a the auncient English romaine Orator saith, *So-lame-men*, *Misers*, *Howsewiues*, and so foorth: the best is, that I haue great store of companie that doe nothing but goe vp and downe, and goe vp and downe, and make a grumbling togeather, that the meate is so long making readie: Well, if I could meete this scuruie *Frenchman*, they should stay mee, for I would be gone home.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. I beseech you *Monsieur*, giue mee audience.

Frisc. What would you haue? What should I giue you?

Antho. Pardon, sir mine vnciuill and presumptuous intrusion, who indeauour nothing lesse, then to prouoke or exasperat you against mee.

Frisc. They say, a word to the Wise is enough: so by this litle *French* that he speakes, I see hee is the very man I seeke for: Sir, I pray what is your name?

Antho. I am nominated *Monsieur Le Mouche*, and rest at your *bon* seruice.

Frisc. I vnderstand him partly; yea, and partly nay: Can you speake French? *Content pore vous monsieur Madomo.*

Antho. If I could not sir, I should ill vnderstand you: you speake the best French that euer trode vpon Shoe of Leather.

Frisc. Nay, I can speake more Languages then that: This is *Italian*, is it not? *Nella sturde Curte zana.*

Antho. Yes sir, and you speake it like a very Naturall.

Frisc. I beleeue you well: now for *Dutch*:
Ducky de doe watt heb yee ge brought.

Antho. I pray ſtop your mouth, for I neuer heard ſuch *Dutch* before brocht.

Friſc. Nay I thinke you haue not met with no pezant: Heare you M. *Mouſe*, (ſo your name is I take it) I haue conſidered of your learning in theſe aforeſaid Languages, and find you reaſonable: So, ſo, now this is the matter; Can you take the eaſe to teach theſe Tongues to two or three Gentlewomen of mine acquaintance, and I will ſee you paide for your labour.

Antho. Yes ſir, and that moſt willingly.

Friſ. Why then M. *Mouſe*, to their vſe, I entertaine yee, which had not been but for the troubles of the world, that I my ſelfe haue no leaſure to ſhew my skill: Well ſir, if youle pleaſe to walke with me, Ile bring you to them.

Exeunt.

Enter Laurentia, Marina, and Mathea.

Lauren. Sit till dinners done; not I, I ſweare:
Shall I ſtay? till he belch into mine eares
Thoſe ruſticke Phraſes, and thoſe Dutch French tearmes,
Stammering halfe Sentences dogbolt Elloquence:
And when he hath no loue for-ſooth, why then
Hee tels me Cloth is deare at *Anwerpe*, and the men
Of *Amſterdam* haue lately made a law,
That none but *Dutch* as hee, may trafficke there:
Then ſtandes he ſtill and ſtudies what to ſay;
And after ſome halfe houre, becauſe the Aſſe
Hopes (as he thinkes) I ſhall not contradict him,
Hee tels me that my Father brought him to me,
And that I muſt performe my Fathers will.
Well good-man Gooſe-cap, when thou woeſt againe,
Thou ſhalt haue ſimple eaſe, for thy Loues paine.

Mathe. Alas poore Wench, I ſorrow for thy hap,
To ſee how thou art clog'd with ſuch a Dunce:
For ſooth my Sire hath fitted me farre better,
My *Frenchman* comes vpon me with the *Sa, ſa, ſa*;

Sweete

Sweete *Madam pardone moye I pra:*
And then out goes his Hand, downe goes his Head,
Swallowes his Spittle, friſsles his Beard; and then to mee:
Pardone moy miſtreſſe Mathea,
If I be bold, to macke ſo bold met you,
Thinke it go will dat ſpurres me dus vp yow.
Dan caſt neit off ſo good ande true Louer,
Madama celeſtura de la, (I know not what)
Doe oft pray to God dat me would loue her:
And then hee reckons a catalogue ofnames
of ſuch as loue him, and yet cannot get him.

Mari. Nay, but your *Monſieur's* but a Mouſe in cheeſe,
Compard with my *Signor*; hee can tell
Of Lady *Venus*, and her Sonne blind *Cupid:*
Of the faire *Scilla* that was lou'd of *Glaucus*,
And yet ſcornd *Glaucus*, and yet lou'd King *Minos*;
Yet *Minos* hated her, and yet ſhe holp'd him;
And yet he ſcorn'd her, yet ſhe kild her Father
To doe her good; yet he could not abide her:
Nay, hele be bawdy too in his diſcourſe;
And when he is ſo, he will take my Hand,
And tickle the Palme, wincke with his one Eye,
Gape with his Mouth, and

Laur. And, hold thy tongue I prethee: here's my father.

Enter Piſaro, Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, Haruie, Walgraue, and Heigham.

Piſa. Vnmannerly, vntaught, vnnurtred Girles,
Doe I bring Gentlemen, my very friends
To feaſt with mee, to reuell at my Houſe,
That their good likings, may be ſet on you,
And you like misbehaud and ſullen Girles,
Turne tayle to ſuch, as may aduance your ſtates:
I ſhall remembert, when you thinke I doe not.
I am ſorrie Gentlemen, your cheare's no better;

But

But what did want at Board, excuſe me for,
And you ſhall haue amendes be made in Bed.
To them friends, to them; they are none but yours:
For you I bred them, for you brought them vp:
For you I kept them, and you ſhall haue them:
I hate all others that reſort to them:
Then rouſe your bloods, be bold with what's your owne:
For I and mine (my friends) be yours, or none.

Enter Friſco and Anthonie.

Friſc. God-gee god-morrow ſir, I haue brought you M. *Mouſe* here to teach my young Miſtreſſes: I aſſure you (for-ſooth) he is a braue *Frenchman*.

Piſa. Welcome friend, welcome: my man (I thinke)
Hath at the full, reſolu'd thee of my will.
Monſieur *Delion*, I pray queſtion him:
I tell you ſir, tis onely for your ſake,
That I doe meane to entertaine this fellow,

Antho. A bots of all ill lucke, how came theſe heere?
Now am I poſde except the Wenches helpe mee:
I haue no *French* to flap them in the mouth,

Haru. To ſee the lucke of a good fellow, poore *Anthony*
Could nere haue ſorted out a worſer time:
Now will the packe of all our ſly deuiſes
Be quite layde ope, as one vndoes an Oyſter:
Francke, *Heigham*, and mad *Ned*, fall to your muſes,
To helpe poore *Anthony* now at a pinch,
Or all our market will be ſpoyld and marde.

Walg. Tut man, let vs alone, I warrant you. (*vous.*

Delio. Monſieur, *Vous eſtes treſbien venu, de quell pais eſtes*

Anth. Vous, thats you; ſure he ſaies, how do men call you
Monſieur *le Mouche*?

Mari. Siſter, helpe ſiſter; that's honeſt *Anthonie*,
And he anſwers, your woer *cuius contrarium*.

Delio. Monſieur, *Vous n'entens pas, Ie ne demaunde puit, voſtre*

voſtre nom?

Math. Monſieur *Delion*, he that made your Shooes, made them not in faſhion: they ſhould haue been cut ſquare at the toe.

Delio. *Madame, my Sho met de ſquare toe, vat be dat?*

Piſa. Why ſauce-box; how now you vnreuerent mincks. Why? in whoſe Stable haſt thou been brought vp,
To interrupt a man in midſt of ſpeach?
Monſieur *Delion*, diſquiet not your ſelfe,
But as you haue begun, I pray proceed
To queſtion with this Countriman of yours.

Delio. Dat me ſal doe tresbeien, but de bella Madona de iune Gentlewoman do monſtre ſome ſinge of amour to ſpeake lot me, epurce monſieur, mee ſal ſay but two tree fowre fiue word to dis francois: or ſus Monſieur *Le mouche en quelle partie de Fraunce eſties vous ne?*

Haru. *Fraunce.*

Heigh. *Ned.*

Walg. Sbloud, let mee come.
Maiſter *Piſaro*, we haue occaſion of affaires,
Which calles vs hence with ſpeed; wherefore I pray
Deferre this buſineſſe till ſome fitter time,
And to performe what at the Exchange we ſpoke of.

Antho. A bleſsing on that tongue, ſaith *Anthony*.

Piſa. Yes marry Gentlemen, I will, I will.
Aluaro to your taske, fall to your taske,
Ile beare away thoſe three, who being heere,
Would ſet my Daughters on a merry pin:
Then chearely try your luckes; but ſpeake, and ſpeed,
For you alone (ſay I) ſhall doe the deed.

Exeunt Piſaro, Haruy, Walgraue, and Higham.

Friſc. Heare you M. *Mouſe*, did you dine to day at *Paules* with the reſt of the Gentlemen there?

Antho. No ſir, I am yet vndined.

Friſc. Mee thinkes you ſhould haue a reaſonable good

ſtomacke then by this time, as for me I can ſell nothinge within me from my mouth to my Cod-peece but all Emptie, wherefore I thinke a peece of wiſdome to goe in and ſee what Maudelin hath prouided for our Dinner maiſter Mouſe will you goe in?

Antho. With as good a ſtomacke and deſire as your

Friſc. Lett's paſſe in then (ſelfe.

Exeunt Friſco, and Anthonie.

Vanda. Han ſeg you Dochtor, vor vat cauſe, voer why bede alſo much grooterlie ſtrange, Ic ſeg you wat, if datt ghy ſpeake to me, is datt ghy loue me.

Lauren. Iſt that I care not for you, iſt that your breath ſtinckes, if that your breath ſtinckes not, you muſt learne ſweeter Engliſh or I ſhall neuer vnderſtand your ſuite.

Delion. Pardone moy Madame.

Math. Withall my heart ſo you offend no more.

Delio. Is dat an offence to be amorous di one belle Gentleawoman.

Math. I ſir ſee your Belle-Gentle-woman cannot be amorous of you.

Mar. Then if I were as that belle Gentlewomans louer, I would trouble her no further, nor be amorous any longer.

Aluar. Madona yet de Belleza of de face beutie deforme of all de Corpo may be ſuch datt no perriculo, nor all de mal ſhaunce, can make him leaue hir dulce viſage.

Laur. But ſignor *Aluaro* if the periculo or mal ſhaunce were ſutch, that ſhe ſhould loue and liue with an other, then the dulce viſage muſt be lefte in ſpite of the louers teeth, whilſt he may whine at his owne ill fortune.

Vanda. Datts waer matreſſe, for it is vntrue ſaying, dey wint he taught dey verleift lie ſcrat ſin gatt.

Math. And I thinke to are like to ſcratch there but neuer to claw any of my Siſters loue away.

Vand. Dan ſal your ſiſtree do gainſt her vaders will,

for

for your vader ſegt dat ick ſal heb har vor mine wife.

Laur. I thinke not ſo ſir, for I neuer heard him ſay ſo, but Ile goe in and aske him if his meaning be ſo.

Mari. Harke ſiſter ſignor *Aluaro* ſayth, that I am the fayreſt of all vs three,

Laur. Beleeue him not for heele tell any lie.
If ſo he thinkes thou mayſt be pleaſd thereby,
Come goe with me and neere ſtand pratinge here,
I haue a ieſt to tell thee in thine eare,
Shall make you laugh; come let your ſignor ſtand,
I know there's not a Wench in all this Towne,
Scoffes at him more, or loues him leſſe then thou.
Maiſter *Vandalle*, as much I ſay for you;
If needes you marry with an *Engliſh* Laſſe,
Woe her in *Engliſh*, or ſheele call you Aſſe.

Math. Tut that's a *French* cogge; ſure I thinke,
There's nere a Wench in *Fraunce* not halfe ſo fond,
To woe and ſue ſo for your Mounſerſhip.

Delio. Par may foy Madame, ſhe does tincke dare is no Wenche ſo dure as you: for de Fillee was cree dulce, tendre, and amarous for me to loue hir; now me tincke dat I being ſuch a fine man, you ſhould loua me.

Mathe. So thinke not I, ſir.

Delio. But ſo tincke eſh oder Damoſellas.

Mathe. Nay Ile lay my loue to your commaunde,
That my Siſters thinke not ſo: How ſay you ſiſter *Mall*?
Why how now Gentlemen, is this your talke?
What beaten in plaine field: where be your Maydes?
Nay then I ſee their louing humor fades,
And they reſigne their intreſt vp to mee;
And yet I cannot ſerue for all you three:
But leaſt two ſhould be madd, that I loue one,
You ſhall be all alike, and Ile loue none:
The world is ſcant, when ſo many lacke Dawes,

Houer about one Coarſe with greedy pawes:
Yf needes youle haue me ſtay till I am dead,
Carrion for Crowes, *Mathea* for her *Ned*:
And ſo farewell, wee Siſters doe agree,
To haue our willes, but nere to haue you three. *Exeunt.*

Delio. Madama attendez, Madama: is ſhe alle? doe ſhe mockque de nows in ſuch ſort?

Vand. Oh de peſtilence, hoe if dat ick can neite deſe Engleſe ſpreake vel, it ſhal hir Fader ſeg how dit is to paſſe gecomen.

Enter Piſaro.

Aluar. Ne parlate, ſee here ſignors de Fader.

Piſa. Now Friends, now Gentlemen, how ſpeedes your worke; haue you not found them ſhrewd vnhappy girls?

Vand. Meſter *Piſaro*, de Dochter maiſtris *Laurentia* calle me de Dyel, den Aſſe, for that ic can neit engleſh ſpreken.

Alua. Ande dat we ſal no parler, dat we ſal no hauar den for de wiue.

Piſa. Are they ſo luſty? Dare they be ſo proude?
Well, I ſhall find a time to meete with them:
In the meane ſeaſon, pray frequent my houſe.

Enter Friſco running.

Ho now ſirra, whither are you running?

Friſc. About a little tiny buſineſſe.

Piſa. What buſineſſe, Aſſe?

Friſc. Indeed I was not ſent to you: and yet I was ſent after the three Gen-men that din'd here, to bid them come to our houſe at ten a clocke at night, when you were abed.

Piſa. Ha, what is this? Can this be true?
What, art thou ſure the Wenches bade them come?

Friſc. So they ſaid, vnleſſe their mindes be changed ſince: for a Woman is like a Weather-cocke they ſay, & I am ſure of no more then I am certaine of: but Ile go in and bid them ſend you word, whether they ſhall come or no.

Piſa

Piſa. No ſirra, ſtay you heere; but one word more: Did they appoint thē come one by one, or elſe al together?

Friſe. Altogether: Lord that ſuch a young man as you ſhould haue no more witt: why if they ſhould come together, one could not make rome for them; but comming one by one, they le ſtand there if there were twenty of them.

Piſa. How this newes glads me, and reuiues my ſoule: How ſay you ſirs, what will you haue a ieſt worth the telling; nay worth the acting: I haue it Gentlemen, I haue it Friends.

Alua. Signor *Piſaro*, I prey degratia watte maneire ſal we haue? wat will the parler? wat bon doe you know Signor *Piſaro*, dicheti noi ſignor *Piſaro*.

Piſa. Oh that youth ſo ſweete, ſo ſoone ſhould turne to age; were I as you, why this were ſport alone for me to doe.

Harke yee, harke yee; heere my man,
Saith, that the Girles haue ſent for Maiſter *Heigham*
And his two friends; I know they loue them dear,
And therefore wiſh them late at night be heere
To reuell with them: Will you haue a ieſt,
To worke my will, and giue your longings reſt:
Why then M. *Vandalle*, and you two,
Shall ſoone at midnight come, as they ſhould doe,
And court the Wenches; and to be vnknowne,
And taken for the men, whom they alone
So much affect; each one ſhall change his name:
Maiſter *Vandalle*, you ſhall take *Heigham*, and you
Younge *Harnie*, and monſieur *Delion Ned*,
And vnder ſhadowes, be of ſubſtance ſped:
How like you this deuice? how thinke you of it?

Delio. Oh de braue de galliarde deuiſe: me ſal come by de nite and contier faire de Anglois Gentlehomes. dicte nous ainſi monſieur *Piſaro*.

Piſa. You are in the right ſir.

Alua. And I sall nanie me de signor *Haruy*, ende monsieur *Delion* sall be de piculo signor *Ned*, ende when madona *Laurentia* sall say, who be dare? mister *Vandalle* sall say, Oh my sout Laide, hier be your loue Mestro *Heigham*: Is no dis de brauisime, maister *Vandalle*?

Vanda. Slaet vp den tromele, van ick sall come
Vp to de camerken, wan my new Wincken
Slaet vp den tromele, van ick sall come.

Pisa. Ha, ha, ha, maister *Vandalle*,
I trow you will be merrie soone at night,
When you shall doe in deed, what now you hope of.

Vanda. I sall v seg vader, Ick sall tesh your Daughrer such a ting, make her laugh too.

Pisa. Well my Sonnes all, (for so I count you shall)
What we haue heere deuis'd, prouide me for:
But aboue all, doe not (I pray) forget
To come but one by one, as they did wish.

Vanda. Mar hort ens vader, ick veite neite de wecke to your houis, hort ens sall maister *Frisco* your manneken come to calle de me, and bring me to v house.

Pisa. Yes marry shall hee: see that you be ready,
And at the hower of eleuen sone at night:
Hie you to *Bucklersburie* to his Chamber,
And so direct him straight vnto my house:
My Sonne *Aluaro*, and monsieur *Delion*,
I know, doth know the way exceeding well:
Well, weele to the Rose in *Barken* for an hower:
And sirra *Frisco*, see you proue no blabbe.

Exeunt Pisaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Frisc. Oh monstrous, who would thinke my Maister had so much witte in his old rotten budget: and yet yfayth he is not much troubled with it neither. Why what wise man in a kingdome would sende me for the *Dutchman?* Does hee thinke Ile not couzen him: Oh fine, Ile haue

haue the braueſt ſport: Oh braue, Ile haue the gallenteſt ſport: Oh come; now if I can hold behinde, while I may laugh a while, I care not: Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Anthonie.

Antho. Why how now *Friſco*, why laugheſt thou ſo har- (tily?

Friſc. Laugh M. *Mouſe*: Laugh, ha, ha, ha. (merry?

Antho. Laugh, why ſhould I laugh? or why art thou ſo

Friſc. Oh maiſter *Mouſe*, maiſter *Mouſe*, it would make any Mouſe, Ratte, Catte, or Dogge, laugh to thinke, what ſport we ſhall haue at our houſe ſone at night: Ile tell you, all, my young Miſtreſſes ſent me after M. *Heigham* and his friendes, to pray them come to our houſe after my old Maiſter was a bed: Now I went, and I went; and I runne, and I went: and whom ſhould I meete, but my Maiſter and M. *Piſaro* and the Strangers; ſo my Maiſter very worſhipfully (I muſt needs ſay) examined me whither I went now? I durſt not tell him an vntruth, for feare of lying, but told him plainely and honeſtly mine arrande: Now who would thinke my Maiſter had ſuch a monſtrous plaguie witte, hee was as glad as could be; out of all ſcotch and notch glad, out of all count glad? and ſo ſirra he bid the three Vplandiſh-men come in their ſteades and woe my young Miſtreſſes: Now it made mee ſo laugh to thinke how they will be couſend, that I could not follow my Maiſter: But Ile follow him, I know he is gone to the Tauerne in his merry humor: Now if you will keepe this as ſecret as I haue done hitherto, wee ſhall haue the braueſt ſport ſoone, as can be. I muſt be gone, ſay nothing.

Antho. Well, it is ſo:
And we will haue good ſport, or it ſhall go hard;
This muſt the Wenches know, or all is marde.

Enter the three Siſters.

Harke you Mis. *Moll*, Mis. *Laurentia*, Mis. *Matt*,
I haue ſuch newes (my Girles) will make you ſmile.

Marin.

Mari. What be they Maister, how I long to heare it?

Antho. A Woman right, still longing, and with child,
For euery thing they heare, or light vpon:
Well, if you be mad Wenches, heare it now,
Now may your knaueries giue the deadliest blow
To night-walkers, eauesdroppers, or outlandish loue,
That ere was striuen.

Math. *Anthony* *Mouche*,
Moue but the matter; tell vs but the iest,
And if you find vs slacke to execute,
Neuer giue credence, or beleeue vs more. (loues,

Antho. Then know: The Strangers your Outlandish
Appoynted by your Father, comes this night
In stead of *Haruie*, *Heigham*, and young *Ned*,
Vnder their shaddowes to get to your bed:
For *Frisco* simply told him why he went:
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,
You are not Stockes nor Stones, but haue some store
Of witte and knauerie too.

Mathe. *Anthony*, thankes
Is too too small a guerdon for this newes;
You must be English: Well sir signor sowse,
Ile teach you trickes for comming to our house.

Laur. Are you so craftie, oh that night were come,
That I might heare my *Dutchman* how hee'd sweare
In his owne mother Language, that he loues me:
Well, if I quit him not, I here pray God,
I may lead Apes in Hell, and die a Mayde;
And that were worser to me then a hanging.

Antho. Well said old honest huddles; here's a heape
Of merrie Lasses: Well, for my selfe,
Ile hie mee to your Louers, bid them maske
With vs at night, and in some corner stay
Neere to our house, where they may make some play
Vpon your riuals, and when they are gon,

Come

Come to your windowes.

Mari. Doe ſo good Maiſter.

Antho. Peace, begon; for this our ſport,
Some body ſoone will moorne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Piſaro.

Piſa. How fauourable Heauen and Earth is ſeene,
To grace the mirthfull complot that is laide,
Nights Candles burne obſcure, and the pale Moone
Fauouring our drift, lyes buried in a Cloude:
I can but ſmile to ſee the ſimple Girles,
Hoping to haue their ſweete-hearts here to night,
Tickled with extreame ioy, laugh in my face:
But when they finde, the Strangers in their ſteades,
Theyle change their note, and ſing an other ſong.
Where be theſe Girles heere? what, to bed, to bed:
Mawdlin make faſt the Dores, rake vp the Fire;
Gods me, tis nine a clocke, harke *Bow-bell* rings: *Knocke.*
Some looke downe below, and ſee who knockes:
And harke you Girles, ſettle your hearts at reſt,
And full reſolue you, that to morrow morne,
You muſt be wedd to ſuch as I preferre;
I meane *Aluaro* and his other friendes:
Let me no more be troubled with your nayes.
You ſhall doe what Ile haue, and ſo reſolue.

Enter Moore.

Welcome M. *Moore*, welcome,
What winde a-gods name driues you foorth ſo late?

Moore. Fayth ſir, I am come to trouble you,
My wife this preſent night is brought to bed.

Piſa. To bed, and what hath God ſent you?

Moor. A iolly Girle, ſir.

Piſa. And God bleſſe her: But what's your will ſir?

Moor. Fayth ſir, my houſe being full of Friends,
Such as (I thanke them) came to ſee my wife?

I would requeſt you, that for this one night,
My daughter Suſan might be lodged here.

Piſa. Lodge in my houſe, welcome withall my heart,
Matt harke you, ſhe ſhall lye with you,
Truſt me ſhe could not come in fitter time.
For heere you ſir, to morrow in the morning,
All my three Daughters muſt be married,
Good maiſter *Moore* lets haue your company,
What ſay you ſir; Welcome honeſt friend.

Enter a Seruant.

Moor. How now ſirra whats the newes with you?

Piſa. *Morehe* heare you, ſtirre betimes to morrow,
For then I meane your Schollers ſhall be wed:
What newes, what newes man that you looke ſo ſad,

Moor. Hee brings me word my wife is new falne ſicke,
And that my daughter cannot come to night:
Or if ſhe does, it will be very late.

Piſa, Beleeue me I am then more ſorry for it.
But for your daughter come ſhe ſoone or late,
Some of vs will be vp to let her in,
For heere be three meanes not to ſleepe to night:
Well you muſt be gone? commende me to your wife,
Take heede how you goe downe, the ſtaires are bad,
Bring here a light.

Moor. Tis well I thanke you ſir. *Exit.*

Piſa. Good night maiſter *Moore* farwell honeſt friend,
Come, come to bed, to bed tis nine and paſt,
Doe not ſtand prating here to make me fetch you,
But gette you to your Chambers. *Exit Piſaro.*

Antho. Birlady heres ſhort worke, harke you Girles,
Will you to morrow marry with the ſtrangers.

Mall. Yfayth ſir no Ile firſt leape out at window,
Before *Marina* marry with a ſtranger,

Antho. Yes but your father ſweares, you ſhall haue one.

Ma. Yes but his daughters, ſwears they ſhall haue none,

Theſe horeſon Canniballs, theſe *Philiſtines*,
Theſe tango mongoes ſhall not rule Ore me,
Ile haue my will and *Ned*, or Ile haue none.

Antho. How will you get him? how will you get him?
I know no other way except it be this,
That when your fathers in his ſoundeſt ſleepe,
You ope the Dore and runne away with them,

All ſiſters. So wee will rather then miſſe of them.

Antho. Tis well reſolude y'fayth and like your ſelues,
But heare you? to your Chambers preſently,
Leaſt that your father doe diſcry our driſt, *Exeunt Siſters.*
Miſtres *Suſan* ſhould come but ſhe cannot,
Nor perhaps ſhall not, yet perhaps ſhe ſhall,
Might not a man conceipt a prettie ieſt?
And make as mad a Riddle as this is,
If all thinges fadge not, as all thinges ſhould doe,
Wee ſhall be ſped y'fayth, *Matt* ſhall haue hue.

Enter Vandalle and Friſco.

Vand. Wear be you meſter *Friſco*.

Friſc. Here ſir, here ſir, now if I could couſen him, take heede ſir hers a poſt.

Vand. Ick be ſo groterly hot, datt ick ſwette, Oh wen ſal we come dare.

Friſc. Be you ſo hotte ſir, let me carry your Cloake, I aſſure you it will eaſe you much.

Vand. Dare here, dare, tis ſo Darke ey can neit ſee.

Friſc. I, ſo ſo: now you may trauell in your Hoſe and Doublet: now looke I as like the *Dutchman*, as if I were ſpit out of his mouth: Ile ſtraight home, & ſpeake groote and broode, and toot and gibriſh; and in the darke Ile haue a fling at the Wenches. Well, I ſay no more; farewell M. *Mendall*, I muſt goe ſeeke my fortune. *Exit Friſco.*

Vanda. Meſter *Friſco*, meſter *Friſco*, wat ſal you no ſpeak; make you de Foole? Why meſter *Friſco*; Oh de ſkellum,

he be ga met de Cloake, me sal seg his mester, han mester *Frisco*, waer sidy mester *Frisco*. *Exit Vandal.*

Enter Haruie, Heigham, and Walgraue.

Haruy. Goes the case so well signor bottle-nose?
It may be we shall ouerreach your drift;
This is the time the Wenches sent vs word
Our bumbast *Dutchman* and his mates will come.
Well neat *Italian*, you must don my shape:
Play your part well, or I may haps pay you.
What, speechlesse *Ned?* fayth whereon musest thou?
Tis on your *French* coriuall, for my life:
Hee come *etè vostre*, and so foorth,
Till he hath foysted in a Brat or two?
How then, how then?

Walg. Swounds Ile geld him first,
Ere that infestious lozell reuell there.
Well *Matt*, I thinke thou knowst what *Ned* can doe;
Shouldst thou change *Ned* for Noddy, mee for him,
Thou didst not know thy losse, yfayth thou didst not.

Heigh. Come leaue this idle chatte, and lets prouide
Which of vs shall be scar-crow to these Fooles,
And set them out the way?

Walg. Why that will I.

Haru. Then put a Sword into a mad-mans hand:
Thou art so hasty, that but crosse thy humor,
And thou't be ready crosse them ore the pates:
Therefore for this time, Ile supply the rome.

Heigh. And so we shall be sure of chatt enough;
Youle hold them with your floutes and gulles so long,
That all the night will scarcely be enough
To put in practise, what we haue deuisde:
Come, come, Ile be the man shall doe the deed.

Haru. Well, I am content to saue your longing.
But soft, where are we? Ha, heere's the house,

Come,

Come let vs take our ſtands: *Fraunce* ſtand you there,
And *Ned* and I will croſſe t'other ſide.

Heigh. Doe ſo: But huſh, I heare one paſsing hither.

Enter Aluaro.

Aluar. Oh de fauorable aſpect of de heauen, tis ſo obſcure, ſo darke, ſo blacke dat no mortalle creature can know de me: I pray a Dio I ſal haue de reight Wench: Ah ſi I be recht, here be de huis of ſignor *Piſaro*, I ſall haue de madona *Marina*, and daruor I ſall knocke to de dore.

He knockes.

Heigh. What a pox are you mad or druncke;
What, doe you meane to breake my Glaſſes?

Alua. Wat be dat Glaſſe? Wat druncke, wat mad?

Heigh. What Glaſſes ſir; why my Glaſſes: and if you be ſo crancke, Ile call the Conſtable; you will not enter into a mans houſe (I hope) in ſpight of him?

Haru. Nor durſt you be ſo bold as to ſtand there,
Yf once the Maiſter of the Houſe did know it.

Alua. Is dit your Hous? be you de Signor of dis Caſſa?

Heigh. Signor me no ſignors, nor caſſa me no caſſas: but get you hence, or you are like to taſte of the Baſtinado.

Heigh. Do, do, good *Ferdinand*, pummell the logerhead.

Alua. Is this neit the Hous of meſter *Piſaro*?

Heigh. Yes marry when? can you tell: how doe you? I thanke you heartily, my finger in your mouth.

Alua. Wat be dat?

Heigh. Marry that you are an Aſſe and a Logerhead,
To ſeeke maiſter *Piſaros* houſe heere.

Alua. I prey de gratia, wat be dis plaſhe?
Wat doe ye call dit ſtrete?

Heigh. What ſir; why *Leaden-hall*, could you not ſee the foure Spoutes as you came along?

Alua. Certenemento *Leden hall*, I hit my hed by de way, dare may be de voer Spouts: I prey de gratia, wiſh be de wey to *Crochefriers*?

Heigh. How, to *Crochet-friers*? Marry you muſt goe along till you come to the Pumpe, and then turne on your right hand.

Alua. Signor, adio. *Exit Aluaro.*

Haru. Farewell and be hang'd Signor:
Now for your fellow, if the Aſſe would come.

Enter Delion.

Delio. By my trot me doe ſo muſh tincke of dit Gentlewoman de fine Wenſhe, dat me tincke eſh houer ten day, and eſh day ten yeare, till I come to her: Here be de huiſe of ſin vader, ſall alle and knocke. *He knocks.*

Heigh. What a bots ayle you, are you madd?
Will you runne ouer me and breake my Glaſſes?

Delio. Glaſſes, wat Glaſſes? Prey is monſieur *Piſaro* to de mayſon?

Haru. Harke *Ned*, there's thy ſubſtaunce

Walg. Nay by the Maſſe, the ſubſtannce's heere,
The ſhaddow's but an Aſſe.

Heigh. What Maiſter *Piſaro*?
Logerhead, heere's none of your *Piſaros*?

Delio. Yes but dit is the houis of meſter *Piſaro*.

Walg. Will not this monſieur *Motley* take his anſwer?
Ile goe and knocke the aſſe about the pate.

Har. Nay by your leaue ſir, but Ile hold your worſhip.
This ſtarre we ſhould haue had, had you ſtood there.

Walg. Why, would it not vexe one to heare the aſſe,
Stand prating here of dit and dan, and den and dog?

Haru. One of thy mettle *Ned*, would ſurely doe it:
But peace, and harke to the reſt.

Delio. Doe no de fine Gentlewoman matreſſe *Mathea* dwell in dit Plaſhe?

Heigh. No ſir, here dwels none of your fine Gantle-woman: T'were a good deed ſirra, to ſee who you are;
You come hither to ſteale my Glaſſes.
And then counterfeite you are going to your Queanes.

Delio.

Delio. I be deceu dis darke neight; here be no Wenſhe, I be no in de right plaſhe: I prey Monſieur, wat be name dis Streete, and wiſhe be de way to *Croſhe-friers?*

Heigh. Marry this is *Fanchurch-ſtreete,*
And the beſt way to *Crotched-friers,* is to follow your noſe

Delio. Vanſhe, ſtreete, how ſhaunee me come to *Vanſhe ſtreete?* vell monſieur, me muſt alle to *Croche-friers.*

Exit Delion.

Walg. Farewell fortipence, goe ſeeke your Signor,
I hope youle finde your ſelues two Dolts anone:
Huſh *Fredinand,* I heare the laſt come ſtamping hither.

Enter Friſco.

Friſc. Ha ſirra, I haue left my fatte *Dutchman,* and runne my ſelfe almoſt out of breath too: now to my young miſtreſſes goe I, ſome body caſt an old ſhoe after me: but ſoft, how ſhall I doe to counterfeite the *Dutchman,* be cauſe I ſpeake *Engliſh* ſo like a naturall; Tuſh, take you no thought for that, let me alone for *Squintum ſquantum*: ſoft, her's my Maiſters houſe,

High. Whoſe there.

Friſc. Whoſe there, why ſir here is: Nay thats too good *Engliſh*; Why here be de growtte *Dutchman.*

Heigh. Then theres not onely a growte head, but an Aſſe alſo.

Friſc. What be yoo, yoo be an *Engliſh* Oxe to call a gentle moan Aſſe.

Haru. Harke *Ned* yonders good greeting.

Friſc. But yoo, and yoo be Maiſter *Mouſe* that dwell here, tell your matreſſa *Laurentia* datt her ſweete harte Maiſter *Vandall* would ſpeake with horde,

Heigh. Maiſter *Mendall,* gette you gon, leaſt you get a broken Pate and ſo marre all: heres no entrance for miſſtres *Laurentios* ſweete heart.

Friſc. Gods ſacaren watt is the luck now.

Shall

Shall not I come to my friend maister *Pisar* Hoose?

Heigh. Yes and to maister *Pisaros* Shoes too, if hee or they were here.

Frisc. Why my groute friend, M. *Pisaro* doth dwel here.

Heigh. Sirra, you lye, heere dwells no body but I, that haue dwelt here this one & forty yeares, and sold Glasses.

Walg. Lye farder, one and fifty at the least.

Fris. Hoo, hoo, hoo; do you giue the Gentleman the ly?

Haru. I sir, and will giue you a licke of my Cudgell, if yee stay long and trouble the whole streete with your bawling: hence dolt, and goe seeke M. *Pisares* House.

Frisc. Goe seeke M. *Pisaros* House;
Where shall I goe seeke it?

Hegh. Why, you shall goe seeke it where it is.

Frisc. That is here in *Crodched-friers.*

Heigh. How Loger-head, is *Crochet-friers* heere?
I thought you were some such drunken Asse,
That come to seeke *Crochet-friers* in *Tower-streete:*
But get you along on your left hand, and be hang'd;
You haue kept me out of my Bedd with your bangling,
A good while longer then I would haue been.

Frisc. Ah, ah, How is this? Is not this *Crochet-friers?*
Tell mee, Ile hold a Crowne they gaue me so much Wine
at the Tauerne, that I am druncke, and know not ont.

Haru. My *Dutchman's* out his Compasse & his Card;
Hee's reckning what Winde hath drouehim hither:
Ile sweare hee thinkes neuer to see *Pisaros.*

Frisc. Nay tis so, I am sure druncke: Soft let mee see, what was I about? Oh now I haue it, I must goe to my Maisters house and counterfeite the *Dutchman,* and get my young Mistresse: well, and I must turne on my left hand, for I haue forgot the way quite and cleane:
Fare de well good frend, I am a simple *Dutchman* I.

Exit Frisco.

Heigh. Faire weather after you. And now my Laddes,

Haue

Haue I not plide my part as I ſhould doe?

Haru. Twas well, twas well: But now let's caſt about,
To ſet theſe Woodcocks farder from the Houſe,
And afterwards returne vnto our Girles.

Walg. Content, content; come, come make haſte. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aluaro.

Alua. I goe and turne, and dan I come to dis plaſhe, I can no tell waer, and ſall doe I can no tell watt, turne by the Pumpe; I pumpe it faire.

Enter Delion.

Delio. Me alle, ende alle & can no come to *Croche-friers*.

Enter Friſco.

Friſc. Oh miſerable Blacke-pudding, if I can tell which is the way to my Maiſters houſe, I am a Red-herring, and no honeſt Gentleman.

Alua. Who parlato daer?

Delio. Who be der? who alle der?

Friſc. How's this? For my life here are the Strangers: Oh that I had the *Dutchmans* Hoſe, that I might creepe into the Pockets; they'le all three fall vpon me & beat me.

Alua. Who doe der ander?

Delio. Amis?

Friſc. Oh braue; it's no body but M. *Pharao* and the *Frenchman* going to our Houſe, on my life: well, Ile haue ſome ſport with them, if the Watch hinder me not. Who goes there?

Delio. Who parle der, in wat plaſhe, in wat ſtreat be you?

Friſc. Why ſir, I can tell where I am; I am in *Tower-ſtreete*: Where a Diuell be you?

Delio. Io be here in *Lede-hall*.

Friſc. In *Leaden-hall*? I trow I ſhall meete with you anone: in *Leaden-hall*? What a ſimple Aſſe is this *Frenchman*. Some more of this: Where are you ſir?

Alua. Moy I be here in *Vanſhe-ſtreete*.

Frisc. This is excellent ynfayth, as fit as a Fiddle: I in *Tower-streete*, you in *Leaden-hall*, and the third in *Fanchurch-streete*; and yet all three heare one another, and all three speake togeather: either wee must be all three in *Leaden-hall*, or all three in *Tower-streete*, or all three in *Fanchurch-streete*; or all three Fooles.

Alua. Monsieur Gentle-home, can you well tesh de wey to *Croshe-frier*?

Frisc. How to *Croched-friers*? I, I sir, passing well if you will follow mee. (tanks.

Delio. I dat me sal monsier Gentle-home, and giue you

Frisc. And monsiur *Pharo*, I shall lead you such a iaunt, that you shall scarce giue me thankes for. Come sirrs follow mee: now for a durtie Puddle, the pissing Condit, or a great Post, that might turne these two from Asses to Oxen by knocking their Hornes to their Fore-heads.

Alua. Whaer be de now signor?

Frisc. Euen where you will signor, for I know not: Soft I smell: Oh pure Nose.

Delio. VVat do you smell?

Frisc. I haue the scent of *London-stone* as full in my nose, as *Abchurch-lane* of mother *Walles* Pasties: Sirrs feele about, I smell *London-stone*.

Alua. Wat be dis?

Frisc. Soft let me see; feele I should say, for I cannot see: Oh lads pray for my life, for we are almost at *Croched-friers*.

Delio. Dats good: but watt be dis Post?

Frisc. This Post; why tis the May-pole on *Iuie-bridge* going to *Westminster*.

Delio. Ho *Wesmistere*, how come we tol *Wesmistere*?

Frisc. Why on your Legges fooles, how should you goe? Soft, heere's an other: Oh now I know in deede where I am; wee are now at the fardest end of *Shoredich*, for this is the May-pole.

Delo. *Sordiche*; O dio, dere be some nautie tinge, some

Spirite

Spirite do leade vs.

Friſc. You ſay true ſir, for I am afeard your *French* ſpirit is vp ſo far alredy, that you brought me this way, becauſe you would finde a Charme for it at the Blew Bore in the *Spittle*: But ſoft, who comes heere?

Enter a Belman.

Bel. Maydes in your Smocks, looke well to your Locks, Your Fier and your Light; and God giue you good night.

Delia. Monſieur Gentle-home, I prey parle one, too, tree, fore, words vore vs to dis oull man.

Friſc. Yes marry ſhall I ſir. I pray honeſt Fellow, in what Streete be wee?

Bel. Ho *Friſco*, whither friske you at this time of night?

Delio. What, *Monſieur Friſco?*

Alua. Signor *Friſco?*

Friſc. The ſame, the ſame: Harke yee honeſty, mee thinkes you might doe well to haue an *M.* vnder your Girdle, conſidering how Signor *Piſaro*, and this other Monſieur doe hold of mee.

Bell. Oh ſir, I cry you mercie; pardon this fault, and Ile doe as much for you the next time.

Friſ. Well, paſsing ouer ſuperfluicall talke, I pray what Street is this; for it is ſo darke, I know not where I am?

Bell. Why art thou druncke, Doſt thou not know *Fanchurch-ſtreete?*

Friſc. I ſir, a good Fellow may ſometimes be ouerſeene among Friends; I was drinking with my Maiſter and theſe Gentlemen, and therefore no maruaile though I be none of the wiſeſt at this preſent: But I pray thee Good-man *Buttericke*, bring mee to my Maiſters Houſe.

Bel. Why I will, I will, puſh that you are ſo ſtrange now adayes: but it is an old ſaid ſaw, Honors change Manners.

Friſc. Good-man *Buttericke* will you walke afore: Come honeſt Friends, will yee goe to our Houſe?

Delio. Ouy monsieur *Frisco.*

Alua. Si signor Frisco.

Enter Vandalle.

Vand. Oh de skellam *Frisco*, ic weit neit waer dat ic be, ic goe and hit my nose op dit post, and ic goe and hit my nose op danden post; Oh de villaine: Well, waer ben ic now? Haw laet syen is dut neit crosse vrier, ya seker so ist and dit M. *Pisaros* huis: Oh de good shaunce, well ic sall now haue de Wenshe *Laurentia*, mestris *Laurentia.*

Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathea, aboue.

Mari. Who's there, Maister *Haruie?*

Math. Maister *Walgraue?*

Laur. Maister *Heigham?*

Vand. Ya my Louue, here be meester *Heigham* your groot frinde.

Mari. How, Maister *Heigham* my grot vrinde? Out alas, here's one of the Strangers.

Lauren. Peace you Mammet, let's see which it is; wee may chaunce teach him a strange tricke for his learning: M. *Heigham*, what wind driues you to our house so late?

Vand. Oh my leif Mesken, de loue tol v be so groot, dat het bring me out my bed voor you.

Math. Ha, ha, we know the Asse by his eares; it is the *Dutchman:* what shall we doe with him?

Laure. Peace, let him not know, that you are heere: M. *Heigham*, if you will stay awhile that I may se, if my Father be a sleepe, and Ile make meanes we may come togeather

Vand. Dat fal ick my Loua. Is dit no well counterfett I speake so like meester *Heigham* as tis posible.

Laure. Well, what shall we doe with this Lubber? (Louer I should say.)

Math. What shall wee doe with him? Why crowne him with a ——

Mari. Fie Slutt: No, wele vse him clenlier; you know we haue neuer a Signe at the dore, would not the ieast proue currant,

currant, to make the *Dutchman* supply that want.

Laure. Nay, the foole wil cry out, & so wake my father.

Mat. Why, then we le cut the Rope & cast him downe.

Laur. And so iest out a hanging; let s rather draw him vp in the Basket, and so starue him to death this frosty night.

Mari. In sadnesse, well aduisde: Sister, doe you holde him in talke, and weele prouide it whilst.

Laur. Goe to then. M. *Heigham*, oh sweete M *Higham*, doth my Father thinke that his vnkindnes can part you & poore *Laurentia*? No, no, I haue found a drift to bring you to my Chamber, if you haue but the heart to venter it.

Vand. Ventre, sal ick goe to de see, and be de see, and ore de see, and in de see voer my sweete Louue.

Laur. Then you dare goe into a Basket; for I know no other meanes to inioy your companie, then so: for my Father hath the Keyes of the Dore.

Vand. Sal ick climb vp tot you? sal ick fly vp tot you? sal ick, wat segdy?

Math. Bid him doe it Sister, wee shall see his cunning.

Laur. Oh no, so you may catch a fal. There M. *Heigham*, Put your selfe into that Basket, and I will draw you vp: But no words I pray you, for feare my Sister heare you.

Vand. No, no, no word: Oh de seete Wenshe, Ick come, Ick come.

Laur. Are you ready maister *Heigham*?

Vand. Ia ick my sout Lady.

Mari Merily then my Wenches.

Laur How heauie the Asse is: Maister *Heigham*, is there any in the Basket but your selfe?

Vand. Neit, neit, dare be no man.

Laur. Are you vp sir? *Vand.* Neit, neit.

Mari Nor neuer are you like to climbe more higher; Sisters, the Woodcock's caught, the Foole is cag'd.

Vand. My sout Lady I be nuc neit vp, pul me tot v.

Math. When can you tell; what maister *Vandalle*,

A wether beaten soldier an old wencher,
Thus to be ouerreach'd by three young Girles:
Ah sirra now weele bragge with Mistres Moore,
To haue as fine a Parret as she hath,
Looke sisters what a pretty foole it is:
What a greene greasie shyning Coate he hath,
An Almonde for Parret, a Rope for Parret.

Vand. Doe you moc que me seger seger,
I sal seg your vader.

Laur. Doe and you dare, you see here is your fortune,
Disquiet not my father; if you doe,
Ile send you with a vengeance to the ground,
Well we must confesse we trouble you,
And ouer watching makes a wiseman madde,
Much more a foole, theres a Cushon for you,

Mar. To bore you through the nose.

Laur. To lay your head on.
Couch in your Kennell sleape and fall to rest,
And so good night for London maydes skorne still,
A *Dutch-man* should be seene to curbe their will.

Vand. Hort ye Daughter, hort ye: gods sekerkin? will ye no let me come tot you? ick bid you let me come tot you watt sal ick don, ick would neit vor vn hundred pounde *Aluaro* & *Delion*, should see me ope dit maner, well wat sal ick don, ick mout neit cal: vor de Wenshes wil cut de rope and breake my necke; ick sal here bleauen til de morning, & dan ick sal cal to mester *Pisaro*, & make him shafe & shite his dau ctors: Oh de skellum *Frisco*; Oh des cruell Hores.

Enter Pisaro.

Pisa. Ile put the Light out, least I be espied,
For closely I haue stolne me foorth a doores,
That I might know, how my three Sonnes haue sped.
Now (afore God) my heart is passing light,
That I haue ouerreach'd the *Englishmen*:

Ha,

Ha,ha, Maiſter *Vandalle*, many ſuch nights
Will ſwage your bigg ſwolne bulke, and make it lancke:
When I was young; yet though my Haires be gray,
I haue a Young mans ſpirit to the death,
And can as nimbly trip it with a Girle,
As thoſe which fold the ſpring-tide in their Beards:
Lord how the verie thought of former times,
Supples theſe neere-dried limbes with actiueneſſe:
Well, thoughts are ſhaddowes, ſooner loſt then ſeene,
Now to my Daughters, and their merrie night,
I hope *Aluaro* and his companie,
Haue read to them morrall *Philoſophie*,
And they are full with it: Heere Ile ſtay,
And tarry till my gallant youths come foorth.

Enter Haruie, Walgraue, and Heigham.

Heigh. You mad-man, wild-oats, mad-cap, where art (thou?
Walg. Heere afore.
Haru. Oh ware what loue is? *Ned* hath found the ſcent,
And if the Connie chaunce to miſſe her Burrough,
Shee's ouer-borne-y-fayth, ſhe cannot ſtand it.
Piſa. I know that voyce, or I am much deceiued.
Heigh. Come, why loyter wee? this is the Dore:
But ſoft, heere's one aſleepe.
Walg. Come, let mee feele:
Oh tis ſome Rogue or other; ſpurne him, ſpurne him.
Haru. Be not ſo wilfull, prethee let him lie. (houſe,
Heigh. Come backe, come backe, for wee are paſt the
Yonder's *Mathea's* Chamber with the light.
Piſa. Well fare a head, or I had been diſcride.
Gods mee, what make the Youngſters heere ſo late?
I am a Rouge, and ſpurne him: well-lacke ſauce,
The Rogue is waking yet, to marre your ſport.
Walg. *Matt*, Miſtris *Mathea*; where be theſe Girles?

Enter

Enter Mathea alone.

Math. VVho's there below?

Walg. Thy *Ned*, kind *Ned*, thine honeſt truſty *Ned*.

Math. No, no, it is the *Frenchman* in his ſtead,
That Mounſieur motlicoate that can diſſemble:
Heare you *Frenchman*, packe to your Whores in *Fraunce*;
Though I am *Portingale* by the Fathers ſide,
And therefore ſhould be luſtfull, wanton, light;
Yet goodman Gooſecap, I will let you know,
That I haue ſo much *Engliſh* by the Mother,
That no bace ſlauering *French* ſhall make me ſtoope:
And ſo, ſir *Dan-delion* fare you well.

Walg. What ſpeachleſſe, not a word: why how now *Ned*?

Har. The Wench hath tane him downe,
He hanges his head.

Walg. You Dan-de-lion, you that talke ſo well:
Harke you a word or two good Miſtris *Matt*,
Did you appoynt your Friends to meete you heere,
And being come, tell vs of Whores in *Fraunce*,
A *Spaniſh* Iennet, and an *Engliſh* Mare,
A Mongrill, halfe a Dogge and halfe a Bitch;
VVith Fran-di-do, Dil-di-do, and I know not what?
Heare you, if you'le run away with *Ned*,
And be content to take me as you find me,
VVhy ſo law, I am yours: if otherwiſe,
Youle change your *Ned* to be a *Frenchmans* Trull?
VVhy then, *Madame Delion, Ie vous laſſera a Dio, et la bon fortune.*

Math. That voyce aſſures mee, that it is my Loue:
Say truly, Art thou my *Ned*? art thou my Loue?

Walg. Swounds who ſhould I be but *Ned*?
You make me ſweare.

Enter aboue Marina.

Mari. Who ſpeake you to? *Mathea* who's below?

Har. *Marina.*

Mari.

Mari. Young maiſter *Haruy*? for that voyce ſaith ſo.

Enter Laurentia.

Alua. Speake ſiſter *Matt*, is not my true Loue there?

Math. *Ned* is.

Laur. Not maiſter *Heigham*?

Heigh. *Laurentia*, heere.

Laur. Yfayth thou'rt welcome.

Heigh. Better cannot Fall.

Math. Sweete, ſo art thou.

Mari. As much to mine.

Laur. Nay Gentles, welcome all.

Piſa. Here's cunning harlotries, they feed theſe off
With welcome, and kind words, whilſt other Lads
Reuell in that delight they ſhould poſſeſſe:
Good Girls, I promiſe you I like you well.

Mari. Say maiſter *Haruy*, ſaw you, as you came,
That Leacher, which my Sire appoynts my man;
I meane that wanton baſe *Italian*,
That *Spanniſh*-leather ſpruce companion:
That anticke Ape trickt vp in faſhion?
Had the Aſſe come, I'de learne him, difference been
Betwixt an *Engliſh* Gentleman and him.

Heigh. How would you vſe him (ſweete)
If he ſhould come?

Mari. Nay nothing (ſweet) but only waſh his crowne:
Why the Aſſe wooes in ſuch an amorous key,
That he preſumes no Wench ſhould ſay him nay:
Hee ſlauers not his Fingers, wipes his Bill,
And ſweares in fayth you ſhall, in fayth I will;
That I am almoſt madd to bide his wooing.

Heigh. Looke what he ſaid in word, Ile act in doing.

Walg. Leaue thought of him, for day ſteales on apace,
And to our Loues: Will you performe your words;
All things are ready, and the Parſon ſtands,

To ioyne as hearts in hearts, our hands in hands;
Night fauours vs, the thing is quickly done,
Then truſſe vp bagg and Bagages, and be gone:
And ere the morninge, to augment your ioyes,
Weele make you mothers of fixe goodly Boyes.

Heigh. Promiſe them three good *Ned*, and ſay no more.

Walg. But Ile get three, and if I gette not foure.

Piſa. Theres a ſound Carde at Maw, a luſtie lad,
Your father thought him well, when one he had,

Heigh. What ſay you ſweetes, will you performe your wordes?

Matt. Loue to true loue, no leſſer meede affordes?
Wee ſay we loue you, and that loues fayre breath
Shall lead vs with you round about the Earth:
And that our loues, vowes, wordes, may all proue true,
Prepare your Armes, for thus we flie to you. *they Embrace.*

Walg. This workes like waxe, now ere to morrow day,
If you two ply it but as well as I,
Weele worke our landes out of *Piſares* Daughters:
And canſell all our bondes in their great Bellies,
When the ſlaue knowes it, how the Roge will curſe.

Matt. Sweete hart.

Walg. Matt.

Mathe. Where art thou.

Piſa. Here.

Mathe. Oh Ieſus heres our father.

Walg. The Diuell he is.

Harn Maiſter *Piſaro*, twenty times God morrow.

Piſa, Good morrow? now I tell you Gentlemen,
You wrong and moue my patience ouermuch,
What will you Rob me, Kill me, Cutte my Throte:
And ſet mine owne bloud here againſt me too,
You huſwifes? Baggages? or what is worſe,
Wilfull, ſtoubborne, diſobedient:
Vſe it not Gentlemen, abuſe me not,

New-

Newgate hath rome, theres law enough in England,
Heigh. Be not so testie, heare what we can say.
Pisa. Will you be wiu'de? first learne to keepe a wife,
Learne to be thriftie, learne to keepe your Lands,
And learne to pay your debts to, I aduise, else.
Walg. What else, what Lands, what Debts, what will you doe?
Haue you not Land in Morgage for your mony,
Nay since tis so, we owe you not a Penny,
Frette not, Fume not, neuer bende the Browe:
You take Tenn in the hundred more then Law,
We can complayne, extortion, simony,
Newgate hath Rome, thers Law enough in England.
Heigh. Prethe haue done.
Walg. Prethy me no Prethies.
Here is my wife, Sbloud touch her, if thou darst,
Hearst thou, Ile lie with her before thy face,
Against the Crosse in Cheape, here, any where,
What you old craftie Fox you.
Heigh. Ned, stop there.
Pisa. Nay, nay speake out, beare witnesse Gentlemen,
Whers *Mowche,* charge my Musket, bring me my Bill,
For here are some that meane to Rob thy maister.

Enter Anthony.

I am a Fox with you, well Iack sawce,
Beware least for a Goose, I pray on you.

Exeunt Pisaro and Daughters.

In baggages, *Mowche* make fast the doore.
Walg. A vengeance on ill lucke,
Antho. What neuer storme,
But bridle anger with wise gouernment.
Heigh. Whom? *Anthony* our friend, Ah now our hopes,

Are found too light to ballance our ill happes.
Antho. Tut nere say so, for *Anthony*
Is not deuoyde of meanes to helpe his Friends.
Walg. Swounds, what a diuell made he foorth so late?
Ile lay my life twas hee that fainde to sleepe,
And we all vnsuspitious, tearmde a Roage:
Oh God, had I but knowne him; if I had,
I would haue writt such Letters with my Sword
Vpon the bald skin of his parching pate,
That he should nere haue liude to crosse vs more.
Antho. These menaces are vaine, and helpeth naught:
But I haue in the deapth of my conceit
Found out a more materiall stratagem:
Harke Maister *Walgraue*, yours craues quicke dispatch,
About it straight, stay not to say farewell. *Exit Walgraue.*
You Maister *Heigham*, hie you to your Chamber,
And stirre not foorth, my shaddow, or my selfe,
Will in the morning earely visit you;
Build on my promise sir, and good night. *Exit Heigham.*
Last, yet as great in loue, as to the first:
Yf you remember, once I told a iest,
How feigning to be sicke, a Friend of mine
Possest the happy issue of his Loue:
That counterfeited humor must you play;
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,
Vse maister *Browne* your Host, as chiefe in this:
But first, to make the matter seeme more true,
Sickly and sadly bid the churle good night;
I heare him at the Window, there he is.

Enter Pisaro aboue.

Now for a tricke to ouerreach the Diuell.
I tell you sir, you wrong my maister much,
And then to make amends, you giue hard words:
H'ath been a friend to you; nay more, a Father:
I promise you, tis most vngently done.

Pisa.

Pisa. I, well said *Mouche*, now I see thy loue,
And thou shalt see mine, one day if I liue.
None but my Daughters sir, hanges for your tooth:
I'de rather see them hang'd first, ere you get them.
Haru. Maister *Pisaro*, heare a dead man speake,
Who singes the wofull accents of his end.
I doe confesse I loue; then let not loue
Proue the sad engine of my liues remooué:
Marinaes rich Possession was my blisse?
Then in her losse, all ioy eclipsed is:
As euery Plant takes vertue of the Sunne;
So from her Eyes, this life and being sprung:
But now debard of those cleare shyning Rayes,
Death for Earth gapes, and Earth to Death obeyes:
Each word thou spakst, (oh speake not so againe)
Bore Deaths true mage on the Word ingrauen;
Which as it flue mixt with Heauens ayerie breath,
Summond the dreadfull Sessions of my death:
I leaue thee to thy wish, and may th'euent
Proue equall to thy hope and hearts content.
Marina to that hap, that happiest is;
My Body to the Graue, my Soule to blisse.
Haue I done well? *Exit Haruie.*

Antho. Excellent well in troth.

Pisar. I, goe; I, goe: your words moue me as much,
As doth a Stone being cast against the ayre.
But soft, What Light is that? What Folkes be those? Oh tis
Aluaro & his other Friends, Ile downe & let them in. *Exit.*

Enter Belman, Frisco, Vandalle, Delion, & Aluaro.

Frisc. Where are we now gaffer *Buttericke?* (wits?
Bell. Why know you not *Crochet-friers*, where be your
Aluar. Wat be tis *Croch-viers?* vidite padre dare; tacke
you dat, me sal troble you no farre.

Bell. I thanke you Gentlemen, good night:
Good night *Frisco.* *Exit Belman.*

Frisc. Farewell *Buttericke*, what a Clowne it is:
Come on my maisters merrily, Ile knocke at the dore.

Antho. Who's theere, our three wise Woers,
Blockhead our man? had he not been,
They might haue hanged them-selues,
For any Wenches they had hit vpon:
Good morrow, or good den, I know not whether.

Delio. Monsieur *de Mowche*, wat macke you out de
Houis so late?

Enter Pisaro below.

Pisa. What, what, young men & sluggards? fy for shame
You trifle time at home about vaine toyes,
Whilst others in the meane time, steale your Brides:
I tell you sir, the *English* Gentlemen
Had wel-ny mated you, and mee, and all;
The Dores were open, and the Girles abroad,
Their Sweet-hearts ready to receiue them to:
And gone forsooth they had been, had not I
(I thinke by reuelation) stopt their flight:
But I haue coopt them vp, and so will keepe them.
But sirra *Frisco*, where's the man I sent for?
VVhose Cloake haue you got there?
How now, where's *Vandalle*?

Frisc. For-sooth he is not heere:
Maister *Mendall* you meane, doe you not?

Pisar. VVhy logerhead, him I sent for, where is he?
VVhere hast thou been? How hast thou spent thy time?
Did I not send thee to my Sonne *Vandalle*?

Frisc. I M. *Mendall*; why forsooth I was at his Chamber, and wee were comming hitherward, and he was very hot, and bade me carry his Cloake; and I no sooner had it, but he (being very light) firkes me downe on the left hand, and I turnd downe on the left hand, and so lost him.

Pisa. VVhy then you turnd togeather, Asse.

Frisc. No sir, we neuer saw one another since.

Pisa.

Piſa. VVhy, turnd you not both on the left hand?

Friſc. No for-ſooth we turnd both on the left hand.

Piſa. Hoyda, why yet you went both togeather.

Friſ. Ah no, we went cleane contrary one from another.

Piſa. VVhy Dolt, why Patch, why Aſſe,
On which hand turnd yee?

Friſc. Alas, alas, I cannot tell for-ſooth, it was ſo darke I could not ſee, on which hand we turnd: But I am ſure we turnd one way.

Piſa. VVas euer creature plagud with ſuch a Dolt?
My Sonne *Vandalle* now hath loſt himſelfe,
And ſhall all night goe ſtraying bout the Towne;
Or meete with ſome ſtrange Watch that knowes him not;
And all by ſuch an arrant Aſſe as this.

Anth. No, no, you may ſoone ſmel the *Dutchmans* lodging: Now for a Figure: Out alas, what's yonder?

Piſa. VVhere?

Friſ. Hoyda, hoyda, a Basket: it turnes, hoe.

Piſa. Peace ye Villaine, and let's ſee who's there?
Goe looke about the Houſe; where are our weapons?
VVhat might this meane?

Friſc. Looke, looke, looke; there's one in it, he peeps out:
Is there nere a Stone here to hurle at his Noſe.

Piſa. VVhat, wouldſt thou breake my VVindowes with a Stone? How now, who's there, who are you ſir?

Friſc. Looke, he peepes out againe: Oh it's M. *Mendall*, it's M. *Mendall*: how got he vp thither?

Piſa. What, my Sonne *Vandalle*, how comes this to paſſe?

Alua. Signor *Vandalle*, wat do yo goe to de wenſhe in de Basket?

Vand. Oh Vadere, Vadere, here be ſuſh cruell Dochterkens, ick ben alſo wery, alſo wery, alſo cold; for be in dit little Basket: Ic prey helpe dene.

Friſc. He lookes like the ſigne of the Mouth without Biſhops gate, gaping, and a great Face, and a great Head,

and

and no Body.

Pisa. Why how now Sonne, what haue your Adamants
Drawne you vp so farre, and there left you hanging
Twixt Heauen and Earth like *Mahomets* Sepulchre?

Antho. They did vnkindly, who so ere they were,
That plagu'd him here, like *Tantalus* in Hell,
To touch his Lippes like the desired Fruite,
And then to snatch it from his gaping Chappes.

Alua. A little farder signor *Vandalle*, and dan you may put v hed into de windo and cash de Wensh.

Vand. Ick prey Vader dat you helpe de mee, Ick prey Goddie Vader,

Pisa. Helpe you, but how?

Frisc. Cut the Rope.

Antho. Sir, Ile goe in and see,
And if I can, Ile let him downe to you. *Exit Anthony.*

Pisa. Doe gentle *Moushe:* Why but here's a iest;
They say, high climers haue the greatest falles:
If you should fall; as how youle doe I know not,
Birlady I should doubt me of my Sonne:
Pray to the Rope to hold: Art thou there *Mouche?*

Enter Anthony aboue.

Antho. Yes sir, now you may chuse, whether youle stay till I let him downe, or whether I shall cut him downe?

Frisc. Cut him downe maister *Morse*, cut him downe,
And let's see, how hele tumble.

Pisa. Why sauce, who ask'd your counsaile?
Let him downe.
What, with a Cushion too? why you prouided
To lead your life as did *Diogines*;
And for a Tubb, to creepe into a Basket.

Vanda. Ick sall seg v Vader, Ick quame here to your Huise and speake tol de Dochterken.

Frisc. M. *Mondall*, you are welcome out of the Basket:
I smell a Ratt, it was not for nothing, that you lost me.

Vand.

Vand. Oh skellum, you run away from me.

Pisa. I thought so sirra, you gaue him the slip.

Frisc. Faw, no for-sooth; Ile tell you how it was: when we come from Bucklers-Burie into Corn-Wale, and I had taken the Cloake, then you should haue turnd downe on your left hand and so haue gone right forward, and so turnd vp againe, and so haue crost the streate; and you like an Asse.

Pisa. Why how now Rascall; is your manners such?
You asse, you Dolt, why led you him through Corn-hill,
Your way had been to come through Canning streete.

Frisc. Why so I did sir.

Pisa. Why thou seest yee were in Corn-Hill.

Frisc. Indeed sir there was three faults, the Night was darke, Maister *Mendall* drunke, and I sleepy, that we could not tell very well, which way we went.

Pisa. Sirra I owe for this a Cudgelling:
But Gentlemen, sith things haue faulne out so,
And for I see *Vandalle* quakes for cold,
This night accept your Lodginges in my house,
And in the morning forward with your marriage,
Come on my sonnes, sirra fetch vp more wood.

Exeunt.

Enter the three Sisters.

Laur. Nay neuer weepe *Marina* for the matter,
Teares are but signes of sorrow, helping not.

Mari. Would it not madde one to be crost as I,
Being in the very hight of my desire?
The strangers frustrate all: our true loue's come,
Nay more, euen at the doore, and *Haruies* armes
Spred as a Rayne-bow ready to receiue me,
And then my Father meete vs: Oh God, oh God.

Math. Weepe who that list for me, y'fayth not I,
Though I am youngest yet my stomack's great:
Nor tis not father, friends, nor any one,
Shall make me wed the man I cannot loue:

Ile haue my will ynfayth, y'fayth I will.
Laur. Let vs determine Sisters what to doe,
My father meanes to wed vs in the morning,
And therefore something must be thought vpon.
Mari. Weele to our father and so know his minde,
I and his reason too, we are no fooles,
Or Babes neither, to be fedde with words.
Laur. Agreede, agreede: but who shall speake for all?
Math. I will.
Mari. No I.
Laur. Thou wilt not speake for crying.
Mari. Yes, yes I warrant you, that humors left,
Bee I but mou'de a little, I shall speake,
And anger him I feare, ere I haue done.

Enter Anthony.

All. Whom *Anthony* our friend, our Schoole-maister?
Now helpe vs Gentle *Anthony*, or neuer.
Antho. What is your hastie running chang'd to prayer,
Say, where were you going?
Laur. Euen to our father,
To know what he intendes to doe with vs.
Antho. Tis bootlesse trust mee, for he is resolu'd
To marry you to.
Mari. The Strangers.
Antho. Yfayth he is.
Math. Yfayth he shall not.
Frenchman, be sure weele plucke a Crow together,
Before you force mee giue my hand at Church.
Mari. Come to our Father speach this comfort finds,
That we may scould out griefe, and ease our mindes.
Anth. Stay, Stay *Marina*, and aduise you better,
It is not Force, but Pollicie must serue:
The Dores are lockt, your Father keepes the Keye,
Wherefore vnpossible to scape away:
Yet haue I plotted, and deuis'd a drift,

To

To fruſtrate your intended mariages,
And giue you full poſſeſsion of your ioyes:
Laurentia, ere the mornings light appeare,
You muſt play *Anthony* in my diſguiſe.

Math. *Mari.* } *Anthony*, what of vs? What ſhall we weare?

Anth. Soft, ſoft, you are too forward Girles, I ſweare,
For you ſome other drift deuiſd muſt bee?
One ſhaddow for a ſubſtance: this is ſhee.
Nay weepe not ſweetes, repoſe vpon my care,
For all alike, or good or bad ſhall ſhare:
You will haue *Harnie*, you *Heigham*, and you *Ned*;
You ſhall haue all your wiſh, or be I dead:
For ſooner may one day the Sea lie ſtill,
Then once reſtraine a Woman of her will.

All. Sweete *Anthony*, how ſhall we quit thy hire?

Anth. Not gifts, but your contentments I deſire:
To helpe my Countrimen I caſt about,
For Strangers loues blaſe freſh, but ſoone burne out:
Sweete reſt dwell heere, and frightfull feare obiure,
Theſe eyes ſhall wake to make your reſt ſecure:
For ere againe dull night the dull eyes charmes,
Each one ſhall fould her Husband in her armes:
Which if it chaunce, we may auouch it ſtill,
Women & Maydes will alwayes haue their will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Piſaro and Friſco.

Piſa. Are Wood & Coales brought vp to make a fire?
Is the Meate ſpitted ready to lie downe:
For Bakemeates Ile haue none, the world's too hard:
There's Geeſe too, now I remember mee;
Bid *Mawdlin* lay the Giblets in Paſt,
Here's nothing thought vpon, but what I doe.
Stay *Friſco*, ſee who ringes: looke to the Dore,
Let none come in I charge, were he my Father,
Ile keepe them whilſt I haue them: *Friſco*, who is it?

Friſc. She is come ynfayth.

Piſa. Who is come?
Friſc. Miſtris *Suſhaunce*, Miſtris *Moores* daughter.
Piſa. Miſtris *Suſan*, Aſſe? Oh ſhe muſt come in.
Friſc. Hang him, if he keepe out a Wench:
Yf the Wench keepe not out him, ſo it is.

Enter Walgraue in Womans attire.

Piſa. Welcome Miſtris *Suſan*, welcome;
I little thought you would haue come to night;
But welcome (truſt me) are you to my houſe:
What, doth your Mother mende? doth ſhe recouer?
I promiſe you I am ſorry for her ſickneſſe.
Walg. She's better then ſhe was, I thanke God for it,
Piſa. Now afore God ſhe is a ſweete ſmugge Girle,
One might doe good on her; the fleſh is frayle,
Man hath infirmitie, and ſuch a Bride,
Were able to change Age to hot deſire:
Harke you Sweet-heart,
To morrow are my Daughters to be wedde,
I pray you take the paines to goe with them.
Walg. If ſir youle giue me leaue, Ile waight on them.
Piſa. Yes marry ſhall you, and a thouſand thankes,
Such company as you my Daughters want,
Maydes muſt grace Maydes, when they are married:
Iſt not a merry life (thinkes thou) to wed,
For to imbrace, and be imbrac'd abed.
Walg. I know not what you meane ſir.
Heere's an old Ferret Pol-cat.
Piſa. You may doe, if youle follow mine aduice;
I tell thee Mouſe, I knew a Wench as nice:
Well, ſhee's at reſt poore ſoule, I meane my Wife,
That thought (alas good heart) Loue was a toy,
Vntill (well, that time is gon and paſt away)
But why ſpeake I of this: Harke yee Sweeting,
There's more in Wedlocke, then the name can ſhew;

And

And now (birlady) you are ripe in yeares:
And yet take heed Wench, there lyes a Pad in Straw;
Walg. Old Fornicator, had I my Dagger,
Ide breake his Coftard.
Pisa. Young men are flippery, fickle, wauering,
Conftant abiding graceth none but Age:
Then Maydes fhould now waxe wife, and doe fo,
As to chuſe conſtant men, let fickle goe,
Youth's vnregarded, and vnhonoured:
An auncient Man doth make a Mayde a Matron:
And is not that an Honour, how ſay you? how ſay you?
Walg. Yes forſooth.
(Oh old luſt will you neuer let me goe.)
Piſa. You ſay right well, and doe but thinke thereon,
How Husbands, honored yeares, long card-for wealth,
Wiſe ſtayednes, Experient gouernment,
Doth grace the Mayde, that thus is made a Wife,
And you will wiſh your ſelfe ſuch, on my life.
Walg. I thinke I muſt turne womankind altogeather,
And ſcratch out his eyes:
For as long as he can ſee me, hele nere let me goe.
Piſa. But goe (ſweet-heart) to bed, I doe thee wrong,
The lateneſſe now, makes all our talke ſeeme long.

Enter Anthony.

How now *Mowche*, be the Girles abed?
Anth. *Mathea* (and it like you) faine would ſleepe,
but onely tarrieth for her bed-fellow.
Piſa. Ha, you ſay well: come, light her to her Chamber,
Good reſt wiſh I to thee; wiſh ſo to mee,
Then *Suſan* and *Piſaro* ſhall agree:
Thinke but what ioy is neere your bed-fellow,
Such may be yours; take counſaile of your Pillow:
To morrow weele talke more; and ſo good night,
Thinke what is ſayd, may bee, if all hit right.

Walg. What, haue I paſt the Pikes: knowes he not *Ned*? I thinke I haue deſeru'd his Daughters bed.

Anth. Tis well, tis well: but this let me requeſt,
You keepe vnknowne, till you be laide to reſt:
And then a good hand ſpeed you.

Walg. Tut, nere feare mee,
We two abed ſhall neuer diſagree. *Exeunt Anth. & Walg.*

Friſc. I haue ſtood ſtill all this while, and could not ſpeake for laughing: Lord what a Dialogue hath there bin betweene Age and Youth. You do good on her? euen as much as my *Dutchman* will doe on my young Miſtris: Maiſter, follow my counſaile; then ſend for M. *Heigham* to helpe him, for Ile lay my Cappe to two Pence, that hee will be aſleepe to morrow at night, when he ſhould goe to bed to her: Marry for the *Italian*, he is of an other humor, for there'le be no dealings with him, till midnight; for hee muſt ſlauer all the Wenches in the houſe at parting, or he is no body: hee hath been but a litle while at our Houſe, yet in that ſmall time, hee hath lickt more Greaſe from our *Mawdlins* lippes, then would haue ſeru'd *London* Kitchin-ſtuffe this twelue-month. Yet for my money, well fare the *Frenchman*, Oh hee is a forward Lad, for heele no ſooner come from the Church, but heele fly to the Chamber; why heele read his Leſſon ſo often in the day time, that at night like an apt Scholler, heele be ready to ſell his old Booke to buye him a new. Oh the generation of Languages that our Houſe will bring foorth: why euery Bedd will haue a propper ſpeach to himſelfe, and haue the Founders name written vpon it in faire Cappitall letters, *Heere lay*, and ſo foorth.

Piſa. Youle be a villaine ſtill: Looke who's at dore?

Friſc. Nay by the Maſſe, you are M. Porter, for Ile be hang'd if you looſe that office, hauing ſo pretty a morſell vnder your keeping: I goe (old huddle, for the beſt Noſe at ſmelling out a Pin-fold, that I know: well, take heede, you may happes picke vp Wormes ſo long, that at length

ſome

some of them get into your Nose, and neuer out after: But what an Asse am I to thinke so, considering all the Lodginges are taken vp already, and there's not a Dog-kennell empty for a strange Worme to breed in.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. The day is broke; *Mathea* and young *Ned*,
By this time, are so surely linckt togeather,
That none in *London* can forbid the Banes.
Laurentia she is neere prouided for:
So that if *Haruies* pollicie but hold,
Elce-wheare the Strangers may goe seeke them Wiues:
But heere they come.

Enter Pisaro and Browne.

Pisa. Six a clocke say you; trust mee, forward dayes:
Harke you *Mowche*, hie you to Church,
Bid M. *Bewford* be in readinesse:
Where goe you, that way?

Anth. For my Cloake, sir.

Pisa. Oh tis well: and M. *Browne*,
Trust mee, your earely stirring makes me muse,
Is it to mee your businesse?

Brown. Euen to your selfe:
I come (I thinke) to bring you welcome newes,

Pisa. And welcome newes,
More welcome makes the bringer:
Speake, speake, good M. *Browne*, I long to heare them.

Brow. Then this it is. Young *Haruie* late last night,
Full weake and sickly came vnto his lodging,
From whence this suddaine mallady proceedes:
Tis all vncertaine, the Doctors and his Friends
Affirme his health is vnrecouerable:
Young *Heigham* and *Ned Walgraue* lately left him,
And I came hither to informe you of it.

Pisa. Young M. *Haruie* sicke; now afore God
The newes bites neere the Bone: for should he die,
His Liuing morgaged would be redeemed,

For

For not these three months doth the Bond beare date:
Die now, marry God in heauen defend it;
Oh my sweete Lands, loose thee, nay loose my life:
And which is worst, I dare not aske mine owne,
For I take two and twenty in the hundred,
When the Law giues but ten: But should he liue,
Hee careleſſe would haue left the debt vnpaide,
Then had the Lands been mine *Piſaros* owne,
Mine, mine owne Land, mine owne Poſſeſsion.

Brow. Nay heare mee out.

Piſa. You'r out too much already,
Vnleſſe you giue him life, and mee his Land.

Brow. Whether tis loue to you, or to your Daughter,
I know not certaine; but the Gentleman
Hath made a deed of gift of all his Lands,
Vnto your beautious Daughter faire *Marina.*

Peſa. Ha, say that word againe, say it againe,
A good thing cannot be too often spoken:
Marina say you, are you sure twas shee,
Or *Mary*, *Margery*; or some other Mayde?

Brow. To none but your Daughter faire *Marina*;
And for the gift might be more forcible,
Your neighbour maister *Moore* aduised vs,
(Who is a witneſſe of young *Haruies* Will)
Sicke as hee is, to bring him to your house:
I know they are not farre, but doe attende,
That they may know, what welcome they shall haue.

Piſa. What welcome sir; as welcome as new life
Giuen to the poore condemned Priſoner:
Returne (good maister *Browne*) assure their welcome,
Say it, nay sweare it; for they'r welcome truly:
For welcome are they to mee which bring Gold.
See downe who knockes; it may be there they are:
Friſco, call downe my Sonnes, bid the Girles rise:
Where's *Mouche*; what, is he gon or no?

Enter

Enter Laurentia in Anthonies attire.

Oh heare you sirra, bring along with you
Maister *Balsaro* the Spanish Marchant.

Laur. Many *Balsaros* I; Ile to my Loue:
And thankes to *Anthony* for this escape.

Pisa. Stay, take vs with you. Harke, they knocke againe,
Come my soules comfort, thou good newes bringer,
I must needes hugge thee euen for pure affection.

Enter Harnie brought in a Chaire, Moore, Browne, Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, and Frisco.

Pisa. Lift softly (good my friends) for hurting him.
Looke chearely sir, you'r welcome to my house.
Harke M. *Vandalle*, and my other Sonnes,
Seeme to be sad as grieuing for his sickneſſe,
But inwardly reioyce. Maister *Vandalle*,
Signor *Aluaro*, Monsieur *Delion*,
Bid my Friend welcome, pray bid him welcome:
Take a good heart; I doubt not (by Gods leaue)
You shall recouer and doe well enough:
(Yf I should thinke so, I should hange my selfe.)
Frisco, goe bid *Marina* come to mee. *Exit Frisco.*
You are a Witnesse sir, of this mans Will:
What thinke you M. *Moore*, what say you to't?

Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, follow mine aduice:
You see the Gentleman cannot escape,
Then let him straight be wedded to your Daughter;
So during life time, she shall hold his Land,
When now (beeing nor kith nor kin to him)
For all the deed of Gift, that he hath seald,
His younger Brother will inioy the Land.

Pisa. Marry my Daughter: no birlady.
Heare you *Aluaro*, my Friend counsaile mee,
Seeing young M. *Harnie* is so sicke,

To marry him incontinent to my Daughter.
Or elſe the gift he hath beſtowde, is vaine:
Marry and hee recouer; no my Sonne,
I will not looſe thy loue, for all his Land.

Alua. Here you padre, do no loſe his Lands, his hundred pont *per anno*, tis wort to hauar; let him haue de matreſſe *Marina* in de mariage, tis but vor me to attendre vne day more: if he will no die, I ſal giue him ſuſh a Drincke, ſuſh a Potion ſal mak him giue de *Bonos noches* to all de world.

Piſa. *Aluaro*, here's my Keyes, take all I haue,
My Money, Plate, Wealth, Iewels, Daughter too:
Now God be thanked, that I haue a Daughter,
worthy to be *Aluaroes* bedfellow:
Oh how I doe admire and prayſe thy wit,
Ile ſtraight about it: Heare you Maiſter *Moore*.

Enter Marina and Friſco.

Friſc. Nay fayth hee's ſicke, therefore though hee be come, yet he can doe you no good; there's no remedy but euen to put your ſelfe into the hands of the *Italian*, that by that time that he hath paſt his grouth, young *Haruie* will be in caſe to come vpon it with a ſiſe of freſh force.

Mari. Is my Loue come, & ſicke? I, now thou loueſt me,
How my heart ioyes: Oh God, get I my will,
Ile driue away that Sickneſſe with a kiſſe:
I need not faine, for I could weepe for ioy.

Piſa. It ſhall be ſo; come hither Daughter.
Maiſter *Haruie*, that you may ſee my loue
Comes from a ſingle heart vnfaynedly,
See heere my Daughter, her I make thine owne:
Nay looke not ſtrange, before theſe Gentlemen,
I freely yeeld *Marina* for thy Wife.

Haru. Stay, ſtay good ſir, forbeare this idle worke,
My ſoule, is labouring for a higher place,

Then

Then this vaine tranſitorie world can yeeld:
What, would you wed your Daughter to a Graue?
For this is but Deaths modell in mans ſhape:
You and *Aluaro* happie liue togeather:
Happy were I, to ſee you liue togeather.

Piſa. Come ſir, I truſt you ſhall doe well againe:
Heere, heere, it muſt be ſo; God giue you ioy,
And bleſſe you (not a day to liue togeather.)

Vand. Hort ye broder, will ye let den ander heb your Wiue? nempt haer, nempt haer your ſelue?

Alua. No, no; tuſh you be de foole, here be dat ſal ſpoyle de mariage of hem: you haue deceue me of de fine Wenſh ſignor *Haruey*, but I ſal deceue you of de muſh Land.

Haru. Are all things ſure Father, is all diſpatch'd?

Piſa. What intreſt we haue, we yeeld it you:
Are you now ſatisfied, or reſtes there ought?

Haru. Nay Father, nothing doth remaine, but thankes:
Thankes to your ſelfe firſt, that diſdayning mee,
Yet loude my Lands, and for them gaue a Wife.
But next, vnto *Aluaro* let me turne,
To courtious gentle louing kind *Aluaro*,
That rather then to ſee me die for loue,
For very loue, would looſe his beawtious Loue.

Vand. Ha, ha, ha.

Deli. Signor *Aluaro*, giue him de ting quickly ſal make hem dy, autremant you ſal loſe de fine Wenſh.

Alua. Oyime che haueſſe allhora appreſſata la mano al mio core, ô ſuen curato ate, I che longo ſei tu arriuato, ô cieli, ô terra.

Piſa. Am I awake? or doe deluding Dreames
Make that ſeeme true, which moſt my ſoule did feare?

Haru Nay fayth Father, it's very certaine true,
I am as well as any man on earth:
Am I ſicke ſirres? Looke here, is *Haruie* ſicke?

Piſa. What ſhall I doe? What ſhall I ſay?
Did not you counſaile mee to wed my Childe?

What Potion? Where's your helpe, your remedy.

Haru. I hope more happy Starres will reigne to day,
And *don Aluaro* haue more company.

Enter Anthonie.

Antho. Now *Anthony*, this cottens as it should,
And euery thing sorts to his wish'd effect:
Haruie ioyes *Moll*: my *Dutchman* and the *French*,
Thinking all sure, laughs at *Aluaros* hap;
But quickly I shall marre that merrie vaine,
And make your Fortunes equall with your Friends.

Pisa. Sirra *Mowche*, what answere brought you backe?
Will maister *Balsaro* come, as I requested?

Anth. Maister *Balsaro*; I know not who you meane.

Pisa. Know you not Asse, did I not send thee for him?
Did not I bid thee bring him, with the Parson?
What answere made hee, will hee come or no?

Anth. Sent me for him: why sir, you sent not mee,
I neither went for him, nor for the Parson:
I am glad to see your Worship is so merrie. *Knocke.*

Pisa. Hence you forgetfull dolt:
Looke downe who knockes? *Exit Antho.*

Enter Frisco.

Frisc. Oh Maister, hange your selfe: nay neuer stay for a Sessions: Maister *Vandalle* confesse your selfe, desire the people to pray for you; for your Bride shee is gone: *Laurentia* is run away.

Vanda. Oh de Diabolo, de mal-fortune: is matresse *Laurentia* gaen awech?

Pisa. First tell mee that I am a liueleese coarse;
Tell mee of Doomes-day, tell mee what you will,
Before you say *Laurentia* is gone.

Mari. Maister *Vandalle*, how doe you feele your selfe?
What, hang the head? fie man for shame I say,
Looke not so heauie on your marriage day.

Haru.

Haru. Oh blame him not, his griefe is quickly ſpide,
That is a Bridegroome, and yet wants his Bride.

Enter Heigham, Laurentia, Balſaro, & Anthony.

Balſ. Maiſter *Piſaro*, and Gentlemen, good day to all:
According ſir, as you requeſted mee,
This morne I made repaire vnto the Tower,
Where as *Laurentia* now was married:
And ſir, I did expect your comming thither;
Yet in your abſence, wee perform'd the rites:
Therefore I pray ſir, bid God giue them ioy.

Heigh. He tels you true, *Laurentia* is my Wife;
Who knowing that her Siſters muſt be wed;
Preſuming alſo, that you'le bid her welcome,
Are come to beare them company to Church.

Haru. You come too late, the Mariage rites are done:
Yet welcome twenty-fold vnto the Feaſt.
How ſay you ſirs, did not I tell you true,
Theſe Wenches would haue vs, and none of you.

Laur. I cannot ſay for theſe; but on my life,
This loues a Cuſhion better then a Wife.

Mall. And reaſon too, that Cuſhion fell out right,
Elſe hard had been his lodging all laſt night.

Balſ. Maiſter *Piſaro*, why ſtand you ſpeachleſſe thus?

Piſa. Anger, and extreame griefe enforceth mee.
Pray ſir, who bade you meete mee at the Tower?

Balſ. Who ſir; your man ſir, *Mowche*; here he is.

Anth. Who I ſir, meane you mee? you are a ieſting man.

Piſa. Thou art a Villaine, a diſſembling Wretch,
Worſer then *Anthony* whom I kept laſt:
Fetch me an Officer, Ile hamper you,
And make you ſing at *Bride-well* for this tricke:
For well he hath deſerude it, that would ſweare
He went not foorth a dores at my appoyntment.

Anth. So ſweare I ſtill, I went not foorth to day.

Balf. Why arrant lyer, wert thou not with mee?
Pisa. How say you maister *Browne*, went he not foorth?
Brow. Hee, or his likenesse did, I know not whether.
Pisa. What likenesse can there be besides himselfe?
Laur. My selfe (forsooth) that tooke his shape vpon me,
I was that *Mowche* that you sent from home:
And that same *Mowche* that deceiued you,
Effected to possesse this Gentleman:
Which to attaine, I thus be guil'd you all.
Fris. This is excellent, this is as fine as a Fiddle: you M. *Heigham* got the Wench in *Mowches* apparell; now let *Mowche* put on her apparell, and be married to the *Dutchman*: How thinke you, is it not a good vize?
Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, shake off melancholy,
When thinges are helpelesse, patience must be vs'd.
Pisa. Talke of Patience? Ile not beare these wronges:
Goe call downe *Matt*, and mistris *Susan Moore*,
Tis well that of all three, wee haue one sure.
Moor. Mistris *Susan Moore*, who doe you meane sir?
Pisa. Whom should I meane sir, but your Daughter?
Moor. You'r very pleasant sir: but tell me this,
When did you see her, that you speake of her?
Pisa. I, late yester-night, when she came heere to bed.
Moor. You are deceiu'd; my Daughter lay not heere,
But watch'd with her sicke mother all last night.
Pisa. I am glad you are so pleasant M. *Moore*,
You'r loth that *Susan* should be held a sluggard:
What man, t'was late before she went to bed,
And therefore time enough to rise againe.
Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, doe you floute your friends;
I well perceiue if I had troubled you,
I should haue had it in my dish ere now:
Susan lie heere? 'am sure when I came foorth,
I left her fast asleepe in bed at home;
Tis more then neighbour-hood to vse me thus.

Pisa.

Pisa. Abed at your house? tell me I am madd,
Did not I let her in adores my selfe,
Spoke to her, talk'd with her, and canuaſt with her;
And yet she lay not heere? What say you sirra?

Antho. She did, she did; I brought her to her Chamber.

Moor. I say he lyes (that sayth so) in his throat.

Antho. Masse now I remember me, I lye indeed.

Pisa. Oh how this frets mee: *Friſco*, what say you?

Friſc. What say I? Marry I say, if shee lay not heere, there was a familiar in her likeneſſe; for I am sure my Maiſter and she were so familiar togeather, that he had almoſt shot the Gout out of his Toes endes, to make the Wench beleeue he had one tricke of youth in him. Yet now I remember mee shee did not lye heere; and the reason is, becauſe shee doth lye heere, and is now abed with mistris *Mathea*; witneſſe whereof, I haue set to my Hand & Seale, and meane presently to fetch her. *Exit Friſco.*

Pisa. Dee so *Friſco*. Gentlemen and Friends,
Now shall you see how I am wrong'd by him.
Lay shee not heere? I thinke the world's growne wise,
Plaine folkes (as I) shall not know how to liue.

Enter Friſco.

Friſc. Shee comes, shee comes: a Hall, a Hall.

Enter Mathea, and Walgraue in Womans attire.

Walg. Nay bluſh not wench, feare not, looke chearfully.
Good morrow Father; Good morrow Gentlemen:
Nay stare not, looke you heere, no monſter I,
But euen plaine *Ned*: and heere stands *Matt* my Wife.
Know you her *Frenchman?* But she knowes me better.
Father, pray Father, let mee haue your bleſsing,
For I haue bleſt you with a goodly Sonne;
Tis breeding heere yfayth, a iolly Boy.

Pisa. I am vndone, a reprobate, a slaue;
A scorne, a laughter, and a ieſting stocke:
Giue mee my Child, giue mee my Daughter from you.

Moore.

Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, tis in vaine to fret,
And fume, and storme, it little now auayles:
These Gentlemen haue with your Daughters helpe,
Outstript you in your subtile enterprises:
And therefore, seeing they are well descended,
Turne hate to loue, and let them haue their Loues,

Pisa. Is it euen so; why then I see that still,
Doe what we can, Women will haue their Will.
Gentlemen, you haue outreacht mee now,
Which nere before you, any yet could doe:
You, that I thought should be my Sonnes indeed,
Must be content, since there's no hope to speed:
Others haue got, what you did thinke to gaine;
And yet beleeue mee, they haue tooke some paine.
Well, take them, there; and with them, God giue ioy.
And Gentlemen, I doe intreat to morrow,
That you will Feaste with mee, for all this sorrow:
Though you are wedded, yet the Feast's not made:
Come let vs in, for all the stormes are past,
And heapes of ioy will follow on as fast.

FINIS.

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